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THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED

A CANADIAN PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

TRADE MARK

ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF PARLIAMENT OF CANADA, IN THE YEAR 1889, AT THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE.

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THE BREAKFAST.

(from the painting by Papperitz.)

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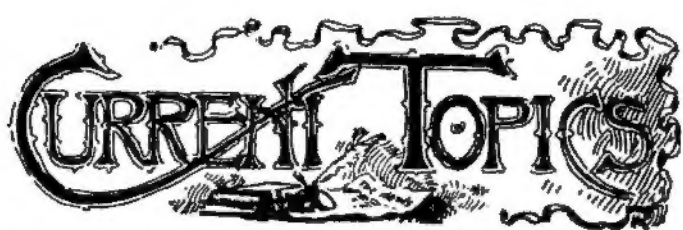
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"THE EDITOR, DOMINION ILLUSTRATED."

14th FEBRUARY, 1891.



Mr. Goldwin Smith on "Loyalty."

A feature of the less prominent phases of the rebellion of 1837-38 was the attitude assumed by the various nationalities who constituted the settlers in those counties in Lower Canada bordering on the American frontier. The bulk of the people—natives of Canada or of good old-country stock—were loyal, and the younger men eagerly volunteered into the various corps of militia raised in the Eastern Townships, and which, by the way, did excellent service in preventing American sympathizers and outlawed rebels from making raids on the otherwise unprotected farm-houses near the line. None showed open signs of sympathy for the rebels, for whatever their sentiments were, the loyalists would brook no treason in their midst. Some, however, were decidedly lukewarm, and were evidently waiting to see which way the proverbial cat would jump. This class was largely composed of Americans and radical Englishmen, the latter being the more disagreeable class and the more hostile to the government. As was the case at that stormy epoch, so it has been in Canada ever since, and is to-day, radical Englishmen invariably siding with foreigners, admiring foreign institutions, and belittling and sneering at those of the country in which they live. A marked instance of this exists in the case of a gentleman of unusual culture and taste, residing in Toronto, who, unfortunately, sees fit to occasionally decry in the most public and prominent manner such institutions of our country which most assimilate to those of the Motherland, and which, possibly of small importance in themselves, are dear to the majority of Canadians as links in the chain of British connection. MR. SMITH is well known to be a warm advocate of the commercial union fad, and, as such, his sentiments on the trade relations, as expressed in his speech before the Young Liberal Club at Toronto on the 2nd inst., evoke no feelings of surprise. But that a man of his known intellectual standing should devote so much of his speech to sneers at the loyal men of Canada, and to misleading and totally unfounded insinuations as to their sentiment for British connection being entirely based on pecuniary motives, is a slur and an insult, and can only be attributed to the unpatriotic views and nominal republican sympathies held by English radicals; we say nominal, because they evidently find it convenient to live under monarchical rule. To thinkers of this class, loyal sentiment in Canada is out of date; in the country they profess to admire so much, it is certainly out of date, and family sentiment is also rapidly following its example. Possibly they are

also willing that family sentiment here should become a thing of the past. As a rule radicals, as they advance in age, discard many of the theories they had upheld in earlier life; but MR. SMITH appears to grow in hatred of our form of government. He protests that there is no use for a governor-general; that the conferring of titles by the Sovereign on distinguished Canadians is useless, and "breeds nothing but false ambition, flunkysim, and sycophantic resolutions." Brave words, are they not? and will tend much, no doubt, to the speedy reduction of our social and political systems to the democratic level of the republic he admires—from a distance. The orator fell in line with a well-known French-Canadian lawyer of Montreal, in re-echoing the latter's statements condemning 'swaggering demonstrations' of national victories. How grateful Canadians should be for such kind remarks,—especially people of Toronto, who have always been foremost in showing pride in British blood and British prowess. Many of the speaker's comparisons were singularly inappropriate, such as that of the English-French commercial treaty, as compared with one of commercial union or unrestricted reciprocity between Canada and the United States; and the endeavour to prove our railways, especially the C. P. R., as largely American,—the latter, in fact, "half a Yankee road," shows a remarkable absence of common-sense. In all, MR. SMITH's remarks on 'loyalty' have been the expression of sentiments which meet condemnation from all classes of the British-Canadian people.

Life in Russia.

In view of the frequency of the publication of details of Russian cruelty, one might suppose that they were of comparatively recent occurrence. Since MR. KENNAN's memorable *exposé* of the horrors of the convict system, and of the miserable existence of the prisoners in Siberia, the veil of secrecy that hid these dark doings from the civilized world has been more often thrust aside,—long enough to thrill English-speaking people with feelings of pity for the wretches that fall into the iron clutches of the Czar's government. The unhappy condition of the Jews there has been flashed into prominence this week, and is intensified by the fact that the rigours to which they are ordinarily subjected have been rendered doubly oppressive since humane citizens of London organized a public meeting to express their indignation at the barbarous manner in which that race is treated. Again, we have a vivid instance of the horrors of their prison-mines brought nearer home in the narrative of the experiences of J. W. MORRIS, the Boston skipper, who, with other Americans, for capturing walrus in Russian waters, were condemned to imprisonment in a coal-mine for three years. The usual brutal treatment of Russian officials was meted out to them. Kept underground for three years without once seeing the light, sleeping on the floor of the mine, and existing on rice soup, was the routine, to which was added—in CAPT. MORRIS' case—the horror of being chained to a corpse for 15 days, and having at last to divide the body with his spade to obtain release from the ghastly companionship. It is to be hoped that the United States government—if only in the interests of common humanity, apart from the national interest involved—will take immediate diplomatic steps towards obtaining redress for these gross brutalities towards one of its citizens. For centuries the country of the Czars has been a synonym for all that is degraded and vindictively cruel in the treatment of the slightest transgression from its iron code, and the civilized countries of the world have quietly folded their hands and adopted no measures by which Russia could be shamed or threatened into treating men and women as human beings instead of as beasts. The time is fast coming when public opinion will force Christian governments to break off all diplomatic connection with a country whose rule is one vast perpetuation of all that is savage and inhuman, and which appears to glory in the shame fixed to it by recent disclosures, and to redouble its efforts to find new means of torture for those who come under its ban.

The Dominion

Illustrated Prize

Competition, 1891

QUESTIONS.

FIRST SERIES.

- 1.—State where mention is made of the war of 1812, and give particulars as concisely as possible.
- 2.—Give details of the announcements of forthcoming books by Canadian authors.
- 3.—Where is mention made of an unfinished work by an English writer now dead.
- 4.—Describe briefly a midnight scene in the forest, and state where mentioned.
- 5.—Some habits of a well-known English novelist are mentioned. Give particulars.
- 6.—Where, and in what connection mentioned the most prominent poetess of this century.

NOTE.—All the material necessary for correctly answering the above questions can be found in Nos. 131 to 135 of the "Dominion Illustrated," being the weekly issues for January.

The second series of Questions will be given in our issue of 28th February.



MR. ROBERT ARCHER, the new president of the Montreal Board of Trade, is well and widely known in commercial circles, having been in business both in Quebec and Montreal. Mr. Archer was born in Quebec city some fifty odd years ago. In 1860 he went into the grain and flour business in Quebec and Montreal, the firm in Quebec being known as Archer, Labelle & Co., and that in Montreal as Archer, Leduc & Co. In 1868 Mr. Archer removed to Montreal, and in 1873 the partnership was dissolved and he continued business alone. Three years ago he retired from active business, though still taking a lively interest in all matters relating to the trade of the port of Montreal. He is a director of the Bell Telephone Co., and has been on the directorate of a number of insurance and other companies, besides being associated with many other business enterprises. He is the only life member of the Metropolitan Club. For years Mr. Archer has been an influential member of the Board of Trade, as he was also of the Corn Exchange. The amalgamation of these two bodies was, in a large measure, due to his efforts. He was treasurer of the Corn Exchange for several years, and from 1884 to 1888 was treasurer of the Board of Trade. In 1889 he was elected second vice-president of the Board, became first vice-president in 1890, and for the present year will occupy the chair of the president. He has been elected each time without opposition. He is at present also the chairman of the building committee that has in charge the erection of the magnificent new quarters of the Board.

MR. H. A. BUDDEN, first vice-president of the Montreal Board of Trade, has been for many years an active and influential member of that organization. Though a native of the city of Quebec, Mr. Budden was educated in Montreal, and has spent most of his life in the latter city. In 1845 he entered the office of the firm of Budden & Vennor, remaining there five years. He then went to New York, where he remained in the office of Daniel Torrance until 1855. Returning to Montreal, Mr. Budden went into the brokerage business, and formed a partnership with Mr. Hanbury McDougall, under the firm name of McDougall & Budden. Since 1871 he has been connected with the Intercolonial Coal Mining Co., of which he is at present vice-president and managing-director. Possessed of varied and valuable experience in business life, Mr. Budden is recognized as a worthy and able member of the Board of Trade, and one whose opinion on commercial matters is always worthy of attention.

MR. RICHARD WHITE, second vice-president of the Montreal Board of Trade, is, perhaps, best known in the newspaper world, though during recent years he has been prominently identified with public affairs. Mr. White was born in Montreal in 1834, and received his education in this city. In 1850 he removed to Peterboro, Ont., where he and his brother, the late Hon. Thos. White, published the *Peterboro Review*. In 1864 they purchased the *Hamilton Spectator*, of which they retained control until 1870, when they came again to Montreal and purchased the *Gazette*, of which Mr. Richard White is still managing-director. Up to the time when his brother entered active political life, Mr. White confined his attention strictly to business and took little or no part in public affairs. Of recent years, however, he has taken a lively interest in general civic matters. For three years he sat at the Council Board, and in 1885, as a member of the Board of Health, did yeoman service during the prevalence of the smallpox epidemic. He is connected with nearly every benevolent organization in the city, and is also identified with many business enterprises. His election to the position of vice-president of the Board of Trade is a recognition by the business community of valuable service rendered to the city of Montreal.

MR. HUGH MONTAGU ALLAN, treasurer of the Montreal Board of Trade, to which position he was unanimously elected at the last annual meeting, is in the foremost rank of the younger generation of Montreal business men, and has before him the prospect and promise of a career of great success and usefulness. Mr. Allan is a native of Montreal and was educated at Bishop's College, Lennoxville, and afterwards on the continent. He is the second son of the late Sir Hugh Allan, of whose estate he is a trustee. He is a

partner in the firm of H. & A. Allan, the representatives of the well known Allan Line of Royal Mail steamships. He is also a member of the board of directors of the following enterprises, viz.:—Merchants Bank of Canada, Manitoba and North-Western Railway Company of Canada, Citizens' Insurance Company of Canada, Canadian Rubber Co., North-West Cattle Co., (ltd), Williams' Manufacturing Co., New York Sewing Machine and Mfg Co., Montreal Rolling Mills Co., The Labrador Co., Montreal and Western Land Co., Academy of Music Co., and the Acadia Coal Co., (ltd). He was elected a member of the council of the Montreal Board of Trade in 1889, and at the last annual meeting, as already stated, was elected treasurer for the year 1891.

MR. GEO. HADRILL, SECRETARY MONTREAL BOARD OF TRADE.—This gentleman has occupied the onerous position of Secretary to the Board for several years, and has won golden opinions from all classes by his attention and zeal in the many duties of his post, and his courtesy towards all visitors and those seeking information.

MR. ANTOINE GOBEIL, who recently succeeded Mr. Bailairge as Deputy Minister of Public Works, is quite a young man, having been born at St. Jean, Ile d'Orleans, P.Q., in 1853. He was educated at Quebec Seminary and Laval University, and after graduating studied law for a short time in Quebec. He entered the Department of Public Works in 1872 as an extra clerk, and by diligence and application rose steadily in the service until, on the division of the Department in 1879, he was appointed Law Clerk of the re-constructed Department of Public Works. On the death of Mr. F. H. Ennis, in January, 1885, Mr. Gobeil was promoted to the Secretaryship of the Department, a position he has most efficiently filled, and for the last three years he has been acting as Deputy for a large portion of the time. Mr. Gobeil is a highly educated gentleman, of fine natural qualities, who has thoroughly devoted himself to the duties of the various offices he has filled in the Department, with the working of every branch of which he is thoroughly conversant. He is painstaking, industrious and courteous, and has made himself highly popular with all who have had business relations with the Department, especially during the last five years. His promotion has been fairly earned, is well deserved, and will give general satisfaction to those who delight to see honest endeavour in the public service meet with its due reward.

WALKERTON LACROSSE CLUB.—We present to our readers a photo of the Walkerton (Ontario) Lacrosse Club, the champions of the Saugeen district. The district is composed of Owen Sound, Durham, Paisley, Chesley and Walkerton clubs. The Walkerton club was formed in 1890, and is to be congratulated on winning the pennant the first year of its organization. The twelve are a youthful team, but of good physique.

SCENE ON THE KENNEBACCASIS.—This beautiful stream takes its rise near the sources of the Petitcodiac, and after passing through some of the finest scenery in New Brunswick, during its entire length, enters the St. John River through Kennebecasis Bay, a magnificent sheet of water 18 miles long. The Intercolonial Railway traverses its valley for about 50 miles, while the bay and river are navigable for steamers for half that distance. The bay is well remembered by all who take an interest in sporting, as being the scene of the tragic death of the great English oarsman, James Renforth, on the 23rd of August, 1871.

NEW HALL, WINDSOR HOTEL, MONTREAL.—This splendid adjunct to the already excellent advantages offered by this house, was opened last winter, and is used for concerts and other entertainments. Being under the same roof as the hotel proper it, of course, offers special attractions to the guests of the house.

CAMPBELLTON VIEWS.—We present a couple of views near this pretty little seaport town, so well known to all travellers on the I.C.R. It is situated on the New Brunswick side of the Restigouche river, which divides that province from Quebec and which forms a continuous harbour from Campbellton down to the sea, a distance of 18 miles. Campbellton and its vicinity are widely known in connection with salmon fishing, the Restigouche being one of the most popular streams for that sport, and is visited by sportsmen of rank and eminence from all parts of the world.

MID-WINTER VIEW OF TREES IN PROSPECT PARK, NIAGARA.—This curious scene gives an excellent idea of the strange occasional aspect of Canadian trees after a storm. In this instance the sleet and snow have frozen solidly on the trees, giving them a most picturesque appearance.

VIEW IN KINGSTON CITY PARK.—Among the many attractions of the "Limestone City" is the Park, fronting on King street, and extending some distance back. It is a beautiful piece of land, kept in good order, and would be a credit to a city twice as large as Kingston.

SQUALNISH INDIANS HUT.—The building shown in our engraving is a fair type of the modern home of the semi-civilized redskin in British Columbia. While decidedly less picturesque than the wigwam dwelling of his forefathers, it is certainly more roomy and comfortable.

MOHAWK INSTITUTION, BRANTFORD.—Our remarks on this subject are unfortunately crowded out of this issue, but will appear in our next number.

Woman's Domain.

Miss Minerva Parker as the only woman architect, has achieved the distinction of being selected as designer of the Queen Isabella Pavillion in connection with the World's Fair at Chicago. Miss Porter is about 22 years of age, and she was born in Chicago. She went to Philadelphia in 1870, and has been educated and raised there. She studied drawing and architecture, took a two years course and graduated at the Franklin Institute, and finished her studies at the School of Design. She made a special study of industrial art modeling, and she has been in active practice two years.

The most conspicuous journalist in Paris at the present moment, says the Paris correspondent of the *Kansas City Star*, is a woman, Mme. Severine, who as a Socialistic philosopher signs herself Jacqueline; as a mystic Socialist, Renee, and as a revolutionary Socialist, Severine. And always it is the same woman preaching a crusade against the oppression of the poor and lowly. Mme. Severine began to write seriously in 1884. She lives in the fourth storey of the Hotel de la France, Rue Montmatre, and her drawing-room furniture was once the property of Jules Valles, the great radical writer. Here, also, are a bust and portrait of Valles. A bust of the republic, with the face of Marie Antoinette is signed Courbet. It is the only piece of sculpture ever made by the great painter. The drawing-room opens in a small library, and from the library the visitor passes into the dressing-room, which is the exact counterpart of a Normandy kitchen. The walls are whitewashed, and an immense fireplace occupies one side of the room. On the walls are pasted pictures such as are seen in all peasants' houses, and in the centre of the room is an ordinary wooden table, over which is suspended a lantern, like those that in olden times hung in the streets. Mme. Severine spends most of her time at her desk. Before putting her thoughts on paper they are arranged carefully, and when the time comes for the copy she shuts herself in her library and walks the floor for about fifteen minutes. Afterwards she writes very rapidly and seldom makes any corrections. Only her four dogs are permitted to be in the room, and these pets are so trained that the moment they see a pen in the hand of their mistress they take their places in the arm chairs and sleep. Every day Mme. Severine cuts from the papers all that she thinks may be of service in the future. These clippings are arranged in order—catastrophes, science, socialism, politics, etc.—and are all placed in a special case.

THE LATEST NOVELTY.—The latest novelties and oddities in small bits of imported china are the rounded cabbage or long pointed lettuce leaves, curled upward and delicately tinted from white in the centre to the richest natural green. They cost from 50 cents to \$4, according to size. The larger cabbage leaf bowls are used for salad or fruit, and the smaller ones for olives and butter. They are particularly appropriate for butter plates, as in many a country home the golden store is enveloped in the cool palm of dew covered cabbage leaves to make its way to market.

The association is strengthened when the dainty butter balls are served on the lunch table, fresh and cold from the hollow of such a leaf plate set upon a small Venice mat edged with a wreath of embroidered clover leaves in green and silver. A pretty mat used with them is a circle of satin jean; the leaves are first worked with a skeleton edge of clover green silk in Kensington stitch, and finished with a buttonholing done over a silver cord. The stitches in the buttonhole work are quite wide apart so as to show the cord. This silver cord washes well and costs 35 cents for six yards. When finished, the linen is cut away from the outer edge of the clover leaves, leaving a scallop. Before doing this, however, the mat should be dampened on the wrong side and laid upon a piece of flannel face down, and pressed with a warm iron.



THE WALKERTON LACROSSE CLUB.

THE WEDDING RING.

By ROBERT BUCHANAN.

Author of "THE SHADOW OF THE SWORD," "GOD AND THE MAN," "STORMY WATERS," ETC., ETC.

It seemed to Mr. Bream's excited fancy that Stokes took an unconscionably long while to read this short paragraph. When at last he raised his head, his twisted face was as impassive as a stone wall. As for his eyes, there was never anything to be learned from them—not even in the direction in which they were looking. He said nothing, but waited for the clergyman to speak again.

"Is that true?" said Mr. Bream again.

"It's given here as a piece of news," Stokes answered. "I don't see why it shouldn't be."

"Were you ever in that place? Did you know either of those men?"

"I knew them both," he answered, after a moment's pause.

"Were you at this place, Yuam, when the affray happened?"

"No, I was in New York; that's where I saw the report. It's cut out of the *New York Sentinel*, June 5, 18—" He pointed to the date, written in his own rude characters, below the paragraph.

"You knew O'Mara?"

"Not by that name; Mordaunt was what he called himself."

"How do you know then that this was the man?"

"Because I was with him in a bar in St. Louis; a man came up to him and called him O'Mara. Mordaunt stuck the man out as he'd made a mistake. He was an Englishman, so was Mordaunt."

"Could you describe him?"

"Tallish chap; good-looking; very swell way of speaking. Used a lot of crack-jaw words. Played the fiddle and the pianner beautiful."

"Will you lend me this book for an hour or two, Stokes? Say till to-morrow morning?"

"Certainly, sir," said Stokes, closing the volume and handing it to him, "keep it as long as you like, sir."

"I knew the unfortunate man," said Mr. Bream, "he has relatives in England who know nothing of his death. I will ask you, Stokes, to be so good as to say nothing of our conversation. It is a painful story and I don't want it talked about."

"I'm mum, sir," said Stokes, "there's nobody here, at all events, as I'm likely to talk to about it."

"True," said Mr. Bream.

He left the house with the book under his arm.

"He said he was going home when he came in," said Stokes, to himself, as he watched the curate's rapidly lessening figure along the village street.

"That ain't his way home. He seemed knocked all acock by it. He asks me not to talk about it. What's in the wind, now, I wonder?"

CHAPTER X.

AFTER SEVEN YEARS.

Bream, with Stokes' book of scraps hugged under his arm and seeming to communicate an electric tingle under his whole frame, strode along the village street into the lane beyond, walking at his most rapid rate until he came in sight of the red brick chimneys of Crouchford Court. He slackened his pace there to recover his breath, and wipe away the thick perspiration which his rapid walking had brought to his face. He was in such a condition of nervous tremor, as few men of his splendid physical condition seldom know, and it required a strong effort to quiet the trembling of his hands, and to compose his features to their usual calm.

Barbara answered his ring, and replied to his enquiry that Mrs. Dartmouth was at home. She led him to the breakfast-room, and left him to announce his arrival, returning with the message that her mistress would see him directly.

"How is your brother-in-law progressing?" he asked her.

"He's mending, sir, slowly. Doctor says as he ought to be all right again in a week or two. My

lady is going to find him work on the farm, when he's well enough to take it."

"He seems to have something on his mind," said Bream. "His illness is much more mental than physical. Whatever it is, he refuses to talk of it."

"He's told me, sir," said Barbara. With a reserve natural under the circumstance, she said no more than that he was grieving for her sister, his wife, who had died a year ago. Mrs. Dartmouth entering at that moment released her from further question and she left the room.

Bream found himself in a situation which most of us have known at some time or other, the possessor of a piece of news he knew must be welcome but requiring considerable delicacy in the fashion of its conveyance. To gain time he opened with some stereotyped commonplace, and Mrs. Dartmouth answering on the same lines, found herself floundering dismally, and feeling it more and more difficult with every passing moment to disclose the real object of his visit. His uneasiness was too pronounced to miss Mrs. Dartmouth's observation.

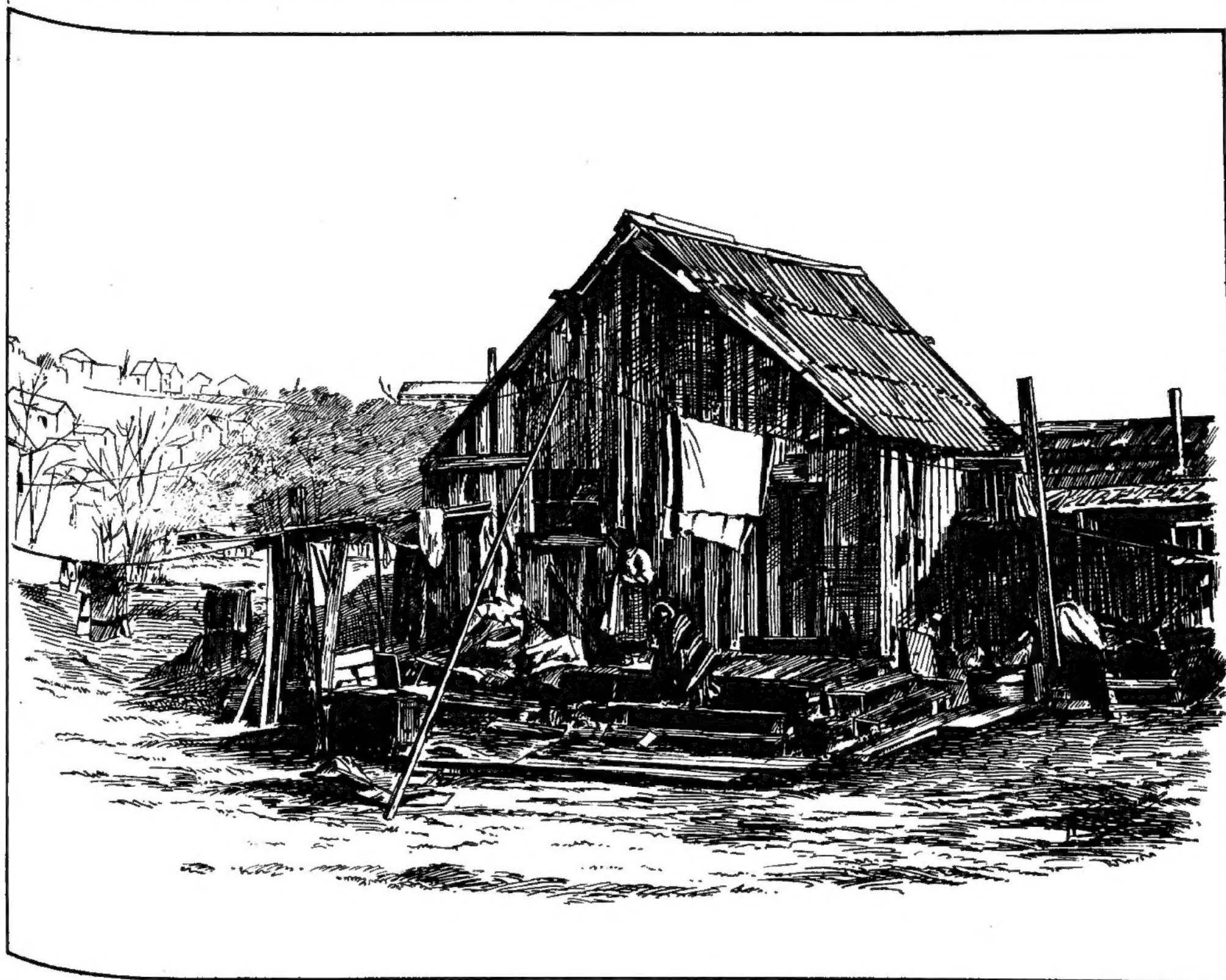
"You seem agitated, Mr. Bream. No bad news, I hope of your parishioners?"

"Oh, none! Things are going splendidly." He stopped short, and then, taking his courage a *deux mains*, plunged at the communication he had to make.

"I have learned a thing this afternoon, which closely concerns you," he said. "It concerns you so closely, it is of such vital importance, that I scarcely know how to approach it. I am afraid that it will be something of a shock to you."

She went a shade paler than usual, but it was with perfect quiet that she bade him proceed.

"You will remember that on my first meeting with you how we spoke of—of your husband." She went paler still, and her breathing quickened. "I have news of him." There was so unmistakable a look of fear and horror in her face that he hurried on, blurting out his communication crudely, almost brutally. "You are free. He will never trouble you again."



SQUALMISH INDIAN'S HUT, NEW WESTMINSTER, B.C.

Mrs. Dartmouth gave a gasp, and her bosom laboured under the hand with which she tried to still it.

He laid the book open at the paragraph he had read half-an-hour before.

"Read for yourself," he said.

She took the book, and remained staring at it blankly for a minute or two. When at last she bent her eyes upon the lines, they so danced and gyrated before them that she could not read. Even when she had found the passage she sat staring at the page as if the words meant nothing to her. Presently the tears began to run down her blanched cheeks, and she gave a gasping sob or two. Bream feared an attack of hysterics.

"I will leave you," he said, "and send Barbara."

"No, no!" she said. "Stay!"

She tried hard to fight down the attack, and succeeded, but the tears were still running when the door opened, and a head of golden curls peeped round it. Dora sped to her mother, and climbed upon her knee, began to cry in affectionate and ignorant sympathy. Mrs. Dartmouth strained her in her arms, hushing and soothing her with broken ejaculations of comfort. The tears still ran, but the emotion which called them forth was changed. She kissed and caressed the child almost as much as her mother's white face and choking sobs had done before.

"Oh, mamma, what is it?" cried Dora bewildered and frightened by the rapid changes of emotion readable in her mother's face and manner. "What is the matter?"

"I will tell you darling, some day, perhaps; not now—you would not understand. See, I am quite

happy now; I am not going to cry any more." She wiped the tears from her own face and from that of the child. "Run away, dear; Mr. Bream and I have things to talk of."

"And you are sure—sure—that you won't cry any more?" asked Dora.

"No, darling, my crying is over now," answered Gillian. She kissed the child again, whispering, "go!" in her ear, and Dora went obediently, with a lingering backward glance. Bream had retired to a window looking on the garden, and had left the child and mother together. He remained there, giving Gillian the time to conquer herself before resuming her talk with him.

"Let us go into the open air," she said, "I am stifling here."

They passed into the garden together, and for a space there was silence between them. They crossed the lawn, and a hay field where the grass was almost ready for the scythe, and entered a long stretch of spinney, bounded by the public road. Still no word was spoken, as they walked slowly through alternate spaces of green gloom and golden sunlight.

"Mr. Bream," said Gillian at last, "I feel like a criminal. The man was my husband, I almost loved him once, when our married life was new. He was the father of my child, I swore before the altar to love and honour him, swore as a Christian woman, knowing the meaning of that solemn vow. And now, that I know that he is dead—I cannot help it—my only feeling is joy."

"Very naturally," said Bream. He made his tone purposely dry, almost careless, for there was such a deep emotion in her voice that he dreaded to increase it. "There is a point at which nature

must assert itself, at which no vow, however sacred, no duty, however great, can beat it down."

"I was his wife," she said.

"A true one, I know," he answered, "and a loving one had he ever cared to have your love. Am I right?"

"God knows you are," she said.

"I am a clergyman," he said, "an unworthy one, I know, but one who at least tries to do his duty. I am speaking now guardedly and with a full sense of the spiritual import of what I say. Justice and commonsense absolve you. You gave this man duty and obedience. He trampled them underfoot. You offered him affection and respect. He flung them aside. You owe to his memory no more than the sorrow every Christian should feel for a wasted life, and hope that God may have pardoned his cruelty."

The steady beat of a horse's hoofs, which had been clearly audible since they entered the strip of woodland, had come nearer and nearer unmarked, and now in the sudden dead stillness, which had followed Bream's solemn words, rang on their ears with a startling suddenness. They reached the further outskirts of the spinney, and saw Sir George Venebles riding by. He was looking in their direction, but passed without seeing them. Bream stole a look at his companion, and saw the pallor of her face drowned in a sudden wave of crimson. She turned, and struck into a narrow path through the undergrowth, so narrow that he could no longer walk abreast with her. To his mind, the blush and succeeding action were a confession. When a widening of the path permitted him to regain her side, he saw that though the first brilliancy of the blush had faded, her face was aflame with

healthy colour, and there was a soft, dreamy look in her eyes. Becoming aware of his scrutiny, she blushed anew, and covered her confusion by holding out to him her hand with a bright, grateful smile.

"You seem to have been appointed by Providence as my special guardian angel," she said. "Now, how can I ever thank you?"

"Thank me? Why, what have you to thank me for?"

"For everything that makes a life worth living," she answered. "For new hope, countless kindnesses."

"You owe me literally nothing," said Bream. "It is I who should thank Providence for putting into my hands the opportunity of serving you. I did not make the opportunity. It came to me. I used it, that is all."

"You were always generous," she said, "but that only adds to the burden of my obligation."

Venebles was in his mind, and as they walked side by side to the house, he strove to find some form of words in which he might hint, not too broadly, of his friends' hopes. The flush in her face, the tender dewiness of her eyes as the baronet had ridden by, at once opened his desire to speak, and seemed to intimate how little need of speech there was. He had parted with her before he found his opening.

"That will be arranged without any interference of mine," he said, as he swung gaily back to the village. "She loves him, that is evident enough. I suppose Herbert will want to marry them. I should have liked to do that, but I suppose I must be content with the position of best man. Poor old Venebles, he has waited a long time. How sad he looked as he past. Well, his troubles are over now, and hers too, thank God! They ought to be happy together. He's a splendid fellow, and she—she's an angel. They are worthy of each other, and the whole world doesn't hold a finer couple. By Jove! there he is. Hi! Sir George! I want to speak to you."

The baronet, who had suddenly hove in sight, cantering down a cross-road, pulled up at the summons, and waited until his friend came panting up to him. At his request, he dismounted and they walked side by side together, down a deserted lane as Bream told his story. Venebles went red and pale by turns, but his broad, handsome face glowed like a sun with sudden joy as he turned it on his friend. He wrung his hand hard, pouring out incoherent words of thanks.

"I was right, then; I knew she cared for me."

"Her face showed that as you rode by," said Bream. "You never made a more opportune appearance. Where are you going?" he asked, as the baronet swung himself into the saddle.

"I'm going to make another," he answered, "to strike while the iron is hot."

"You're a brisk lover," said the curate, with a laugh. "Had you not better give her a bit of time, and wait a little?"

"Wait!" said Venebles, fiercely. "You talk easily of waiting. I've waited six years already." He leaned over, and pressed his friend's hand again. "God bless you, old fellow! I shall have news for you to-morrow."

He struck his spurs in his great roadster, and was gone like a flash, Bream looking after him till he had disappeared from sight. Five minutes at that pace carried him to Crouchford Court. He tied his foaming horse to the gate, and entered the garden.

(To be Continued.)

TALES OF STREET CAR LIFE.

ALMOST A TRAGEDY.

Mr. John Brownleigh and Mrs. John Brownleigh of Montreal had had a little difference of opinion in the morning, and it did not therefore require a great deal to fan the smoldering fires of mutual resentment when Mr. Brownleigh went home to luncheon. His wife took him rather sharply to task for tramping into the house without shaking the snow from his feet. He found fault with the quality

of the food placed before him at table. They exchanged a few sharp sentences, growing more keen as they progressed, until finally Mr. Brownleigh distinctly commanded Mrs. Brownleigh to hold her confounded tongue.

"John Brownleigh," said Mrs. B. with terrible emphasis, "I hate you!"

"No need to tell me that," retorted Mr. Brownleigh.

"You never give me one minute's peace while you are in the house," she cried, with a tremor in her voice that threatened a flood of tears.

Mr. Brownleigh pushed back his chair with a vicious jerk. "Then I'll go out of it," he declared determinedly. "It will be some time before I bother you again—or anybody else, for that matter. I'm sick of this kind of a life."

With an awful frown on his brow and a terrible deliberation in his movements Mr. Brownleigh made his preparations for departure. His wife watched him without a word, but, yielding to a sudden impulse, called to him just as he strode out into the hall.

"John!"

He came back to the door of the dining-room and glowered at her without speaking.

"Where are you going?"

No answer.

"John—come here."

"It's no use," he said gloomily. "I might as well end it now. You will never look upon my face again."

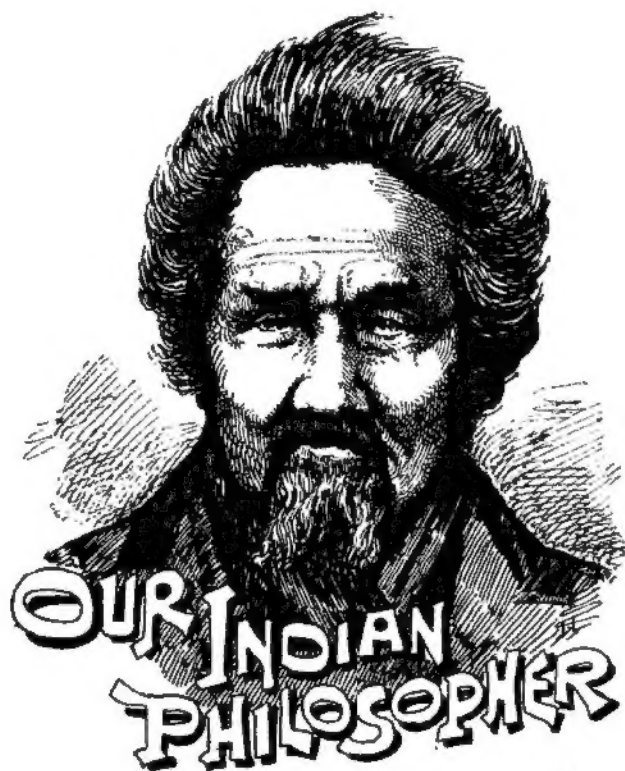
"Oh John! What in Heaven's name do you mean?"

"I mean to go down to the first corner," replied her husband, in the same level tone of determination, "and jump on the first street car that passes—Good-bye!"

With a cry of terror Mrs. Brownleigh rushed to his side and twined her arms around him.

"You shall not! you shall not!" she panted. "Oh John! Is it so bad as that? Is life with me so terrible that you could rather choose a lingering death? I will not—I will not let you go!"

Her impetuous pleading prevailed at last, and John Brownleigh still lives. He and his wife are very gentle to each other now, for both remember the fatal shadow that so nearly fell upon their home.



The Sagamore

The reporter was a little surprised to observe a contribution box fixed at either side of the wigwam door. On entering he discovered others disposed conspicuously about the room. Mr. Paul arose and held out his hand. The visitor gave it a vigorous shake. The old man held it out again. A little surprised the reporter shook once more, but when it was held out a third time he drew back and stared. Mr. Paul still held out the hand and pointed to it with the other, at the same time briskly nodding his head in its direction, his eyes fixed on the reporter.

"I don't see anything there but dirt," commented the reporter at last, after critically surveying the extended palm.

Mr. Paul gave his pocket a vigorous slap with his free hand and still kept the other extended. In a sort of desperation the reporter thrust his hand into his pocket and

produced a coin, on which the old man's grip closed like a vise. The reporter had solved the problem. Mr. Paul then pointed to the various contribution boxes around the wigwam. His visitor took the cue, and wondering what it all meant dropped a coin in each. But it was not till he had gone out and dropped one into each box outside the door that the sagamore deigned to speak.

"For the heathen, I suppose?" queried the reporter, indicating the boxes.

"For me," replied the sagamore.

"Is that so? Has the noble redman become a road agent? You never levied on me in that fashion before."

"Ain't them 'lections gonto be right away?" demanded Mr. Paul.

"Yes," said the reporter, "the campaign has begun."

"It's begun here, too," said the sagamore.

"Why!" ejaculated the reporter, "you must be a war manager."

"Ain't anything," responded the other.

"Then why this tribute?" demanded the reporter.

"When 'lections comes on," explained the sagamore, "money's only thing kin talk."

"Well," said the reporter, "you have got the money—what have you got to say?"

"Gimme some more."

"Some more what?"

"Some more money."

"Is the information you have to impart so very valuable?"

"Ah-hah."

The reporter once more went the rounds of the contribution boxes.

"Now," he said, "let's hear what you have to say."

"This gonto be mighty tight 'lection," said Mr. Paul, with profound emphasis.

"Yes?"

"Mighty tight. Your man gonto git licked if things goes on way they go now."

"Do you really think so?"

"Can't fool me."

"What had we better do, do you think?"

Mr. Paul held out his hand once more. The reporter saw it, and then repeated his question, for he was getting anxious. The sagamore bore the appearance of a man who was the repository of a great secret, and the patriotic reporter would not let a few dollars stand in the way of his own enlightenment.

"Tightest 'lection been here this long time," said Mr. Paul, shaking his head slowly.

"But our man must be elected," cried the reporter. "must move heaven and earth to elect him."

"Won't do no good if you don't do it right way," declared the sagamore.

"What do you mean by the right way?"

The sagamore held out his hand once more. The reporter's hand sought his pocket. It was empty. He shook his head.

"It's no use old man. I haven't another cent."

Mr. Paul surveyed him haughtily for a moment and then with majestic mien pointed to the door.

"You go 'way from here pooty quick," said the sagamore.

"But you haven't told me—" began the reporter.

"I ain't got no time talk to you," broke in the other. "I'm heap busy."

"But I have whacked up handsomely," protested the reporter.

"Kin you whack up some more?"

"No—I can't."

Mr. Paul once more pointed to the door.

"That other party gonto send man here see me this afternoon," he remarked. "You better go way 'fore he comes."

"Why you confounded old humbug! Are you pulling the string both ways for what you can get out of it?" the reporter ejaculated.

"Ah-hah," complacently rejoined the sagamore.

"And you pretend to both parties that you have the word to the local situation and bleed them for all they are worth on the strength of that?"

"Ah-hah."

"And where do you expect to go by and by?" demanded the reporter with a sardonic leer.

"To the Senate," was the calm reply of Mr. Paul.

The reporter went over in one corner of the wigwam and fainted.

LITERARY and ARTISTIC NEWS FROM NEW YORK

To show what rumours are worth, in spite of all the columns that have been written about his marrying and settling in Japan, Sir Edwin Arnold and his daughter left Kobe on January 12 on the Pando steamer Verona for Europe direct.

The *Star* (Democrat), a New York evening paper, has *quæ* star ceased to exist, having been merged in a daily called *The Continent*, said to be run by the Munseys, proprietors and editors of *Munsey's Weekly* and the *Argosy*.

The late F. S. Saltus' books are being brought out in a uniform set. He was a brother of Edgar Saltus, author of "A Transaction in Hearts," and other volumes, which have been severely criticised for their moral tone, but which combine conciseness with picturesqueness of expression in a way that few writers of the day equal.

The divine Sara is inconsolable. Two of her asps are dead. It does not appear how many of these travelling companions she takes about with her. Her success has been unmistakable, in spite of sinister rumours about obviously increasing age and stoutness. She is more charming than ever. As much as \$8 has been paid for a single stall.

Frank Stockton is suffering from La grippe. He was to have been the guest of the evening at a large "at home" given by Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Moroe at their home in Madison avenue, but his doctor forbade him at the last moment.

It appears that Anna Katherine Green, the author of "The Leavenworth Case," "The Haunted Inn," and other famous and sensational novels, considers that her true forte is poetry. She has published two volumes, which have been unnoticed, and is now casting about how to bring them out with proper prominence. She resides at Buffalo, New York.

Jay Gould's performances as an author are apt to be forgotten, and yet the first step in the amassing of his colossal fortune was his "History of Delaware County"—a scarce and valuable book now. Strangely enough Mr. Gould's library, which contains fourteen Elzevirs and two and twenty Aldos, does not contain a single copy of his own rare work.

Roberts Brothers, of Boston, are bringing out a novel entitled "Dreams," by Olive Schreiner, the author of the famous "African Farm."

Richard Harding Davis has been appointed associate to George William Curtis as editor of *Harper's Weekly*. It is said that the Harpers, who do nothing to keep pace with the times, believe Mr. Davis, on the strength of his short stories in the *Evening Sun*, to be another Rudyard Kipling, and expect by securing his name among their editors to shake off their name for unprogressiveness. It is also asserted that they have not a single typewriter in their vast establishment. There is, after all, then, some counterpoise to Chicago. Why Mr. Foord resigned charge of *Harper's Weekly* does not appear. One would have thought that a man who had the courage of his conviction like Mr. Foord would have been too valuable an ally to lose.

Moncure D. Conway, having established George Washington, has been engaged for some time past on the history of Tom Paine. He asks any one who possesses letters and documents relating to the subject to communicate with him at his house, 230 West Fifty-ninth street, New York. He complains that his "Washington," a most readable book, on which, as a patriotic Virginian, he bestowed infinite pains, has fallen flat through appearing in the covers of an historical society. It would seem the obvious remedy to be to bring out a popular edition.

There is no doubt that Oscar Wilde's love-tragedy, "Guido Ferranti," as brought out by Lawrence Barrett, is a succès d'estime, whether it brings money or not. The play contains some charming passages. And Miss Gale, who supports Mr. Barrett, is exceedingly pretty, and has won great applause by her rendering of the part.

Mrs. Van Rensselaer Omger, it is said, will for the future issue her books under the nom de plume of Julien Gordon.

David Nutt & Co., of the Strand, the London publishers, who had great success with the books they brought out by Andrew Lang and Oscar Wilde, have invited Bliss Carman, the Canadian poet, to collect a volume of his poems for them.

Walt Whitman says that America has no national literature.

Though "Uncle Tom's Cabin" has been out forty years, it still sells to the tune of thirty thousand copies a year.

It is rumoured that a New York manager has agreed to pay "Albert Ross" \$150 a week for the dramatic rights of his novel, "Thou Shalt Not," for six months, and that the manager wanted the contract to run for two years, but the novelist refused. That successful melodramatist, Mr. Freeman, is to do the dramatizing, and the piece abounds in stage machinery effects of "The County Fair" order.

Amelie Rive's illness in Paris is said on the best authority to have been greatly exaggerated. Her literary signature is still "Amelie Rives"—even in her business letters.

Mr. and Mrs. Clay (Rosina Vokes) and their troupe have left New York. It is not generally known over here that Mr. Clay is an Oxford man, and was in his day the finest amateur racquet player in England.

The Mercantile Library Building, on the old site in 8th street, is almost finished. It will be a great relief to the public and the staff alike when it gets out of its temporary quarters in Fifth avenue.

BOOK REVIEWS.

A BALL NIGHT (Minerva Publishing Co.) is a translation from the Danish, charmingly written—a veritable little idyll of Danish life—that reminds one of that delightful Russian story, "Wayward Dosia," in its charm and its natural flavour, though the two stories have nothing else in common.

THE INVERTED TORCH, by Edith M. Thomas (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston). There are many who think Miss Thomas the greatest living American poetess. There are others who charm me more; for to me her recent work, at any rate, is, to borrow a metaphor from athletics, *over-trained*. Her art is too severe; it wants more blood. But there is no denying her quality. She writes nothing that is not worth reading and exquisitely refined. Her taste and judgment are admirable. But the finest poetry, that takes all the world by storm, is full-blooded. To show what gems are formed by her mind at white heat, I quote from "The Inverted Torch":

XI.

Tell me, is there sovereign cure
For heart-ache, heart-ache,—
Cordial, quite, and potion sure,
For heartache, heartache?

Fret thou not. If all else fail
For heart-ache, heart-ache,
One thing surely will avail,
That's heart-break, heart-break.

XXV.

Last time I saw thy mortal resting-place,
'Twas covered all with a smooth west of snow,
Where through some stems of yet sweet mint did show
Memorials of the vanished summer's grace.
There bending low, I marked a chary trace
Of footprints delicate, that to and fro
About thy quiet mansionry did go,—
Swift footprints of the last of Fauna's race.
These were thy winter friendships, faint yet true,
From Nature, whom thou lov'dst so true and well.
Spring came, and soft white blossoms round thee blew
From that wild tree, thy shade and sentinel.
Though far away, its flowering prime I knew
And oft-times seemed to watch those blossoms as they fell

XXVII.

In thine own garden (now a wild untrimmed)
White summer hearted lilies dashed with rain,
Once bowed their regal height, still sweet, though dimmed,
A tall flower-fane,
Not to be reared again!

I could not know what symbol they would form,—
Thou beaten down, so long by storm oppressed,
Then wrapped in the lone calm that follows storm,
Benignity and rest
On brows, and lips, and breast.

LYRICS FOR A LUTE, by Frank Dempster Sherman (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), bring out Mr. Sherman's strength and weakness. His workmanship is exquisite. As I wrote in my "Younger American Poets," he could write Dobsonese that might pass for Austin Dobson, so harmonious and self-exacting is he. But there is a second-handness about his poems, as if he had only lived life through books, and his exquisite writing, his delicate fancy are unlit by the broad bounds of humanity, and as his subjects lack swing and spirit so do his rhythms and metres. His feeling is all harmonious and musical to a degree, but it lacks melody and *vis*. It makes one long even for a rough-rider on Pegasus like Adam Lindsay Gordon. In poetry one wants an occasional gallop, the palfrey step becomes monotonous. How exquisitely Mr. Sherman, who is distinctly—*longo tamen intervallo*—the Austin Dobson of America, can write is shown in such poems as "Under Her Balcony," beginning:

Up slender vine, your love is mine;
I watch you as you go,
A lyric budding line on line,
With blossom-rhymes a-row!

and "The Last Letter" and "Daybreak," which is more breezy than most of his pieces:

Into his parching lips a cup
Brimming with wine the hills hold up,
First with the breath of bud and bloom,
Cooled in the caves of purple gloom,
One long, deep draught he takes, and then
Into his saddle leaps again,
Scatters the gold coins left and right,
And speeds beyond the gates of night:
The years are at his heels—away!
The sun still leads them by a day.

DOUGLAS SLADEN.

The Fur King.

My kingdom by the frozen sea
My love the Snow Queen shares with me;
No rival dare dispute the free
And tenure of my grief.
My runners scour each forest glade;
Stout hearts guard well my fort stockade;
I laugh at siege or escalade
And rule a North-land chief.

REFRAIN:

Then pledge me my lieges and lustily sing,
While flare the back-logs and the pine rafters ring—
No laggard shall serve the bold Fur-trader King!

A downy robe bedecks my Queen,
Thick-set with gems whose fulgent sheen
Outshines the flash of rapier keen
And pales the Winter moon.
No ermine mantle soft I wear:
For me the robe of royal bear—
My shaggy subjects yield with care
A poll-tax paid eft-soon.

When Winter's icy grip is freed,
And, with the rush of frantic steed,
The river roars with headlong speed
Tossing its foam-flecked mane;
'Mid breaking ice-floes thunderous crash
Plunging its way with reckless dash—
Tearing its sides with many a gash
And moaning in its pain:

When, resting from its heaving throes,
Drunk with its draught of melting snows,
Sullen and calm the river flows,
I launch my royal barge.
Its bellied birch with peltry stored—
A prince's ransom is on board—
Sweeps on its way, majestic, toward
The river's far discharge.

With *chansons* gay my dark-skinned crew
Their paddles swing with lusty thew,
And soon appears within our view
The loved flag fluttering
Its lettered folds above the Fort,
Whence pours from gate and sally-port
A motley crowd of every sort
Joyously welcoming!

We gather round the roaring fire,
Forgetful of the perils dire
Safe passed, while laugh and jest mount higher
In friendly rivalry.
And hands are clasped, and glasses clink,
And toasts are pledged with nod and wink—
The dancing lights in chorus blink
And join the revelry.

REFRAIN:

Then pledge me my lieges and lustily sing,
While flare the back-logs and the pine rafters ring—
No laggard shall serve the bold Fur-trader King!
Montreal, SAMUEL M. BAYLIS.



It seems as if at least one club in Montreal was determined to keep up the city's reputation for snowshoe prowess. There used to be times when hundreds would be at the finishing point of a cross-country run to welcome or condole with their favourite accordingly as he was victorious or defeated; but these times seem to have melted away into a dim and fast-becoming indistinct recollection of what people call the halcyon days of youth. Everybody knows that for some years past snowshoeing has been on the decline;—I mean real, genuine snowshoeing, not the sort that is done in sleighs, with the aid of a carter to drive, a couple of buffalo skins to nestle in and hot foot-warmers to keep the red corpuscle in the feet from turning white. These weekly social gatherings are nice things in their way, but they are no more like the old-time tramp, when tramping was done with the feet, than a real estate agent's town-lot map is like a New Jersey swamp. During the present season, however, some effort has been made to revive the sport, principally due to the lively interest manifested in it by the Argyle Club. The management of the Athletic Club House were not slow to recognize even a slight change for the better, and with the enthusiasm with which Mr. James Paton can see an opportunity and grasp it, the open mountain steeplechase of last Saturday was conceived and carried to a successful conclusion. The steeplechase to Lachine of the previous Saturday rather opened the eyes of some of the old-timers to the possibility of the Argyle's walking off with everything. On that occasion four Argyle men led the way in, and during the coming week were rightly dubbed the big four. A somewhat different result was looked for on the mountain in the open race, especially as it was known that some of the veteran cracks were getting in trim and were determined to dispute every inch of the ground with the wearers of the tartan. But, shades of the past, when it came to the scratch the Montreal and Emerald clubs had only a solitary representative each, while the Holly and Crescent clubs had three each and the Garrison Artillery two. The Argyle's had four in, and every one of them took a prize. No wonder they were jubilant, after capturing the first four places in the Lachine race, and the first, second, third and fifth in the mountain race, the only thing going outside their club being a fourth medal to Ransom of the Montrealers. The race was a capital one from the start and fought for every foot of the way. Had Lumsden not been taken sick the Emeralds would probably have got a place, but that unfortunate "if" came in. The tramping was pretty heavy and the time, 19m. 24s., was not within two minutes as good as was expected; still it was a good race for all that, and the crowd that was in waiting at the Club House proved that it is only necessary for a few hard-working spirits to take the matter in hand in order to give such an impetus to the sport as would recall old times. There were fifteen entries for this race, and every one of them started and finished. Five medals were given, and the winners were as under:—

	m.	s.
1. W. D. Mason, Argyle.....	19	24
2. R. Steele, Argyle.....	19	35
3. R. J. Kell, Argyle.....	19	46½
4. Geo. Ransom, Montreal.....	19	52
5. W. Gentleman, Argyle.....	20	20

The St. George Snowshoe Club were not entered in this race, as their own club steeplechase was being held on the same day. The result was the same as on the previous Saturday, viz: F. Fairbanks, first; C. E. Howard, second; B. T. Kirkhouse, third.

And still the amateur athletes of the powerful United States clubs have their standing swinging in the balance, and are waiting for the handwriting that will appear on the wall on the 14th of this month. When the first difficulty arose some months ago over the expense question between the A.A.U. and L.A.W., it was apparent that somebody was going to suffer. But the aristocratic New York Athletic Club, with all its influence in A. A. U. circles, did not think that any organization would have the hardihood to impeach the integrity of any of its members. Their minds were soon disabused of that idea when the L. A. W. made

out a startling list of cyclists who were suspended for violating a recently passed rule relating to expenses, and, with one or two exceptions, the offenders were all N.Y.A.C. men. Here was a pretty kettle of fish. There were gnashing of teeth and strong language, and that retired athlete, Mr. Curtis, spent himself out in the columns of the *Spirit*, trying to prove how thoroughly virtuous was the great N. Y. A. C., and what an aggregation of double-headed, brass-mounted jackasses was the L. A. W. But loud talk did not count, and both organizations decided to come down from their pedestal with as much dignity as they could assume and arrange a compromise. Accordingly a joint committee was appointed to decide on the value of prizes and the amount of expenses to be legitimately allowed travelling athletes. The report was presented last week, and that part which relates to the value of prizes has already been adopted by the A. A. W., but the expense question is not yet settled. The salient points of the report submitted are printed below:—

"No prizes shall be given by any club or organization or received by any athlete except properly inscribed medals, cups, badges, banners, diplomas or wreaths. In no meeting or contest held under the laws of the A. A. U. or L.A.W. shall any prizes be offered or awarded to or accepted by the club whose athletes make the highest aggregate score. No team contest shall be allowed other than baseball, football and other like team contests. No more than three prizes in all shall be given in any event or competition, counting a team prize allowed above as one prize, and said prizes shall not exceed in cost—first, in club games, open or closed, \$20 first prize, \$10 second prize and \$5 third prize; second, in association championship meeting the value of the prizes shall be \$35 to first, \$20 to second and \$10 to third, and in a national championship meeting the value of the prizes shall be \$50 to first, \$25 to second and \$15 to third.

Clubs of the Amateur Athletic Union and League of American Wheelmen and of organizations approved by them, and no other clubs, may pay, and any actual competitor member of such club may receive, the following expenses incurred:—

First—Actual and necessary railroad fare (when paid) to place of competition and return to residence or club headquarters.

Second—Actual fare (when paid) for one sleeping car berth when occupied for each night's travelling in going to and from such competition.

Third—Actual expense of board and lodging at place of such competition for a period embracing not more than one day before the date fixed for and one day after the termination of the events in which such competitor shall have competed, provided expressly that the amount of such expense of board and lodging shall have been actually paid and shall be evidenced by a voucher receipted by the party to whom such amount has been paid."

If the above regulation carries, the pampered athletes who have been imported to carry American colours to victory will suffer hardship indeed. A strict interpretation would do away with that costly luxury, the training table, except at the athlete's own expense, there would be no cab fares allowable, no jubilating hack rides and no parlour cars, except at individual expense. Athletes coming from a distance to compete in club games—take Geo. Gray for instance—would have to foot all their own expenses. Why there would be no earthly use in being an "amateur" athlete at all if these new-fangled ideas were carried out, and the probabilities are that these expense rules will be very much modified. It puts me in mind of a well-known lacrosse player who was called on to show cause why he should not be declared a professional, and an innocent but truthful admirer remarked to me:—"Why, they shouldn't disqualify——, the poor fellow won't be able to play with any club at all then, and how is he going to make his living? Why, look here, it's taking bread and butter out of his mouth." I thought it was, myself, but suggested that the injured athlete might yet become a lawyer or a doctor or a newspaper man, as there were lots of openings in these lines. There is a good deal of analogy in the cases, and the outcome will be watched with interest. The chairman of the Amateur Athletic Union committee pretty plainly shows the position, which is intended to be moved in such a way that the suspended cyclists will be reinstated with full honours. In his letter to Mr. Dunn, president of the L. A. W., he says:—

"Referring to the suspension of certain bicyclists by the League of American Wheelmen, which subject was discussed at the first meeting of the committees, I think I may indulge the hope that with the rules which we have now formulated there can be no misunderstanding as to what expenses an athlete may and may not receive, and consequently no friction upon that score between the bodies of which we are representatives. At the outset of the first

conference of our committee, I stated, in behalf of my organization, that the expense resolution, drawn about a year ago by the joint committee of the Amateur Athletic Union and League of American Wheelmen, although familiar to some of the A. A. U. clubs, was, as investigation shows, never formally adopted, so far as the minutes of the Board of Managers of the A.A.U., record; that it was never sent out to A.A.U. clubs or otherwise officially promulgated, and that, as we were informed by those identified with the management of some of your most prominent clubs, the existence of such a rule of expenses as embodied in that resolution was totally unknown to them or their clubs. In view of these facts and the resulting fact that the Amateur Athletic Union and its clubs were principally responsible for the payment of the expenses which were the ground of these suspensions, and could not, therefore, look with indifference upon the disciplining of its athletes for accepting such expenses, my committee proposed to yours that in order that the conference might proceed to a discussion of the expense question to some purpose, your organizations shall take steps to remove the suspensions in question."

It is only a few years since a Canadian association football team invaded England and met with a flattering measure of success, and to this, to a large extent, is due the formation of a second Canadian team, which will meet the crack elevens of England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales. Considering that the Canadians will be away a little over five months, it took a good deal of negotiating to fill up the dates. There will be forty matches played altogether, or about an average of two a week. Mr. J. A. Ellis, secretary of the Eastern association, and also secretary of the English trip committee, however, is able to announce that the arrangements so far completed have exceeded expectations; almost every fixture is attached to a good guarantee, and a sufficient amount in all has been guaranteed to more than cover expenses. There, of course, will be a lot of heart-burning and jealousy on the choice of the men to make the trip, but no committee in the world could satisfy everybody, much less squeeze into one team every football player who thinks he is good enough. The committee has been able to secure all the men they picked on, and it will be a thoroughly representative and very strong team that will cross the Atlantic in the beginning of next August and return again in the following January. These association footballers make dates a long way ahead, as already the annual inter-association match between the East and West has been fixed for June 6th, while the championship match between the winners of the Eastern and Western series will be played on either the 7th or 14th of November, and both these contests will take place in Eastern territory.

That phenomenal distance skater, Joe Donoghue, who now holds a first mortgage on Newburg and all the inhabitants thereof, has again won the American championship, not only in one race, but in all four. The man who can begin at the quarter, win the five mile, smashing a record, win the one mile easily, and then top off with another victory at ten miles in the slashing time of 35m. 54 3/5s., must be a wonder. There is only one thing that I cannot understand about these races and that is the time made. The track, it should be remembered, is a quarter-mile. Now take the five mile race, with the remarkable time of 15m. 37s. With Donoghue's reputation and acknowledged speed all will be inclined to accept it as correct; it is when we get to the time made by the second and third men that doubt begins to take the place of astonishment. Simpson's 15m. 52 1/2s. and Moshier's 16m. 15s. are remarkably fast for comparatively unknown men. If these times are correct, they are very little behind Donoghue in ability. An analysis of all the figures, especially of the "outsiders," makes me think that there must have been something wrong in the measurement of the track. If these men can make the time they are credited with, even on a four-lap track, why they can all three come to Canada and skate on a ten-lap track for that matter and still not leave a championship behind them. But I doubt it. There is still one championship which Donoghue can lay no claim to, and that is the championship of Canada. He has travelled thousands of miles for European honours, but has always fought shy of stepping across the line into Canada. Even at present, when it is the only world yet unconquered, Joe makes his own terms on which he will condescend to come across and conquer us. He wants a four-lap track or nothing. It has been usual that when people went after championships they accommodated themselves to the ways of the people who had championships to compete for, and there is no record of Mr. Donoghue, or anybody else for



VIEW ON KENNEBECASIS RIVER, NEAR ST. JOHN, N.B.

that matter, having the size of tracks changed to suit their personal convenience when competing in Europe or America. Why it should be done in Canada I know not. But even though it may seem stretching good nature too far, it is generally understood that the Skating Association will make an effort to have a four lap track, just to prove that there is a great deal more genuine sportsmanlike feeling on the northern than on the southern side of the line. It will certainly be an injustice to our Canadian skaters, who are used to smaller distances and sharper turns. But let that go. Until Donoghue comes to Canada and wins a championship he cannot call himself the world's champion distance skater, notwithstanding how often the American press dub him such. He is champion of Europe and the United States, and there it ends. There is only one world's champion in skating (figure skating, not distance), Louis Rubenstein. He has held European, Canadian and American championships. Until Donoghue does likewise, in his own line, he can only claim a partial title.

The curlers are having a busy time this season, and the weather is such that even a Scotchman given to growling can scarcely find anything to cavil at. In Montreal the great topic in curling circles has been the vase presented by H. Walker & Sons, to be played for by the city clubs. The conditions are that the trophy be played for during three years, the vase to become the property of the club winning it twice in that time. As an extra stimulant to good play, four individual prizes have been added for the winning club each year. The conditions called for ten rinks a side, and the Thistle and Caledonias were the first to face each other, Montreal being fortunate enough to draw a bye. The first set was close enough to satisfy the most ardent curlers, and anything more exciting than the end of the first day's play, when only one shot separated the rivals, is not down in the annals. The second day's play was almost as close, but the Caledonias managed to win by a small majority. Then Montreal and Caledonia met, one rink aside playing on Thursday afternoon. The Caledonias started out by gaining a lead of five on this rink, Mr. W. Wilson (skip) beating W. I. Fenwick (skip) by a score of 18 to 13 shots. In the evening the Burnside Place men still showed the way to St. Catharines street, and added four more points to their score, making the total:—Caledonia, 104; Montreal, 95. The second day's play still saw the Caledonias piling up the score, and the ultimate result was that Caledonia won by a majority of 15 shots. To dispose of the four individual medals, it has been decided that the ten competing rinks play rink by rink, each member of the winning one to take a prize.

A few weeks ago the Montreal Thistle Curling Club

made the magnificent record of beating all the local clubs in the annual friendly matches, claiming as victims the Caledonias, the Montreals and the Heathers. But since that time fortune seems to have gone the wrong way. On Wednesday two rinks from the Prospect Park Curling Club of Toronto visited the Thistle ice and played two matches, one in the afternoon and one in the evening, and considering that a granite-playing club twice defeated iron-playing men, the double victory of the visitors was somewhat of a surprise. The majorities were small, to be sure, but, like Mercutio's wound, they were enough, as will be seen from the following scores:—

AFTERNOON.		Thistle.	
Prospect Park.		Thistle.	
W. Mowat		J. H. Smith	
G. Hardy		— Oxley	
J. G. Gibson		F. T. Campbell	
D. Carlyle—skip	9	W. W. Mowat—skip	6
J. W. Corcoran		W. F. Scott	
J. G. Scott		Hon. Judge Tait	
R. Watson		W. J. Anderson	
J. Wright—skip	10	Rey. J. Barclay—skip	8
Total.....	19	Total.....	14

EVENING.

W. Mowat		Hon. Judge Tait	
G. Hardy		W. J. Cleghorn	
J. G. Gibson		Geo. W. Cameron	
D. Carlyle—skip	11	Capt. Clift—skip	13
J. W. Corcoran		W. S. Scott	
J. Wright		A. Fraser	
J. C. Scott		A. Nicoll	
R. Watson—skip	15	Rev. J. Barclay—skip	10
Total.....	26	Total.....	23

* * *

The Royal Caledonia medal is another trophy on which covetous eyes have been cast by the Thistle Curling Club, and accordingly two rinks played the preliminary match with the Quebec Curling Club on Saturday last. The match will be concluded to-morrow, (Saturday) when two other rinks a side will play in Montreal. It is doubtful, however, whether the Montreal men can overcome the majority of 15 which their opponents gained in the first heat. Following shows the score of the first day's play:—

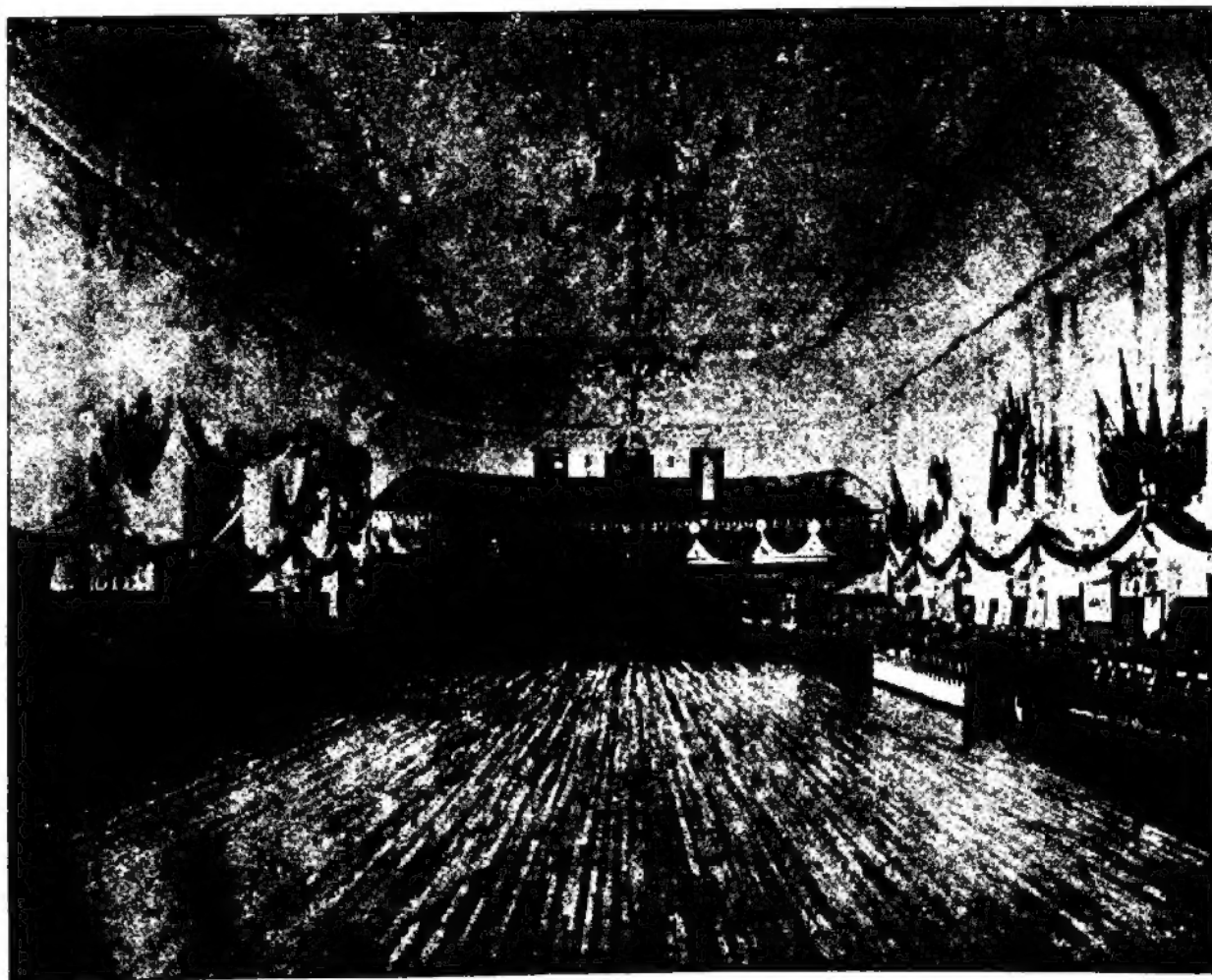
Quebec.		Thistle.	
Wm. Horne		David Campbell	
Fred Smith		W. J. Cleghorn	
Hubert Bignall		G. W. Cameron	
P. Johnston—skip	19	Capt. Clift—skip	14
A. W. Colley		R. Adair	
J. A. Ready		W. Anderson	
W. R. Dean		G. H. Baltour	
Alex. Brodie—skip	26	Wm. Stewart—skip	16
Total.....	45	Total.....	30

* * *

The most enthusiastic gun men, the St. Huberts, of Ottawa, have elected the following officers:—President, Dr. Alex. Martin; first vice-president, T. J. Coursolles; second vice-president, J. De St. D. Lemoine; secretary, W. J. Johnston; treasurer, J. N. Deslauriers; curator of museum, Edward White; field captain, L. A. Desrosier; auditors, Wm. McMahon and John Marshall; executive committee, Messrs. George R. White, W. P. Leet, jr., W. MacMahon, A. H. Troop and T. G. Brigham.

* * *

The snowshoers from Springfield and Holyoke had an enjoyable time while the guests of the Canadian and Le Trappeur Snowshoe Clubs in Montreal. Between the two organizations every spare moment was taken up, and there was very little worth seeing and possible to see in the limited time at their disposal that was not enjoyed by the visitors.



NEW HALL, WINDSOR HOTEL, MONTREAL.



SCENE IN THE PARK, KINGSTON, ONT.



MAKING A HAUL.



TORONTO, January 30, 1891.

The death, after but a week's illness, and that apparently not severe, of James Hector Maclean, one of the editors of the *Toronto World*, and a brother of Mr. W. F. Maclean, the proprietor and editor-in-chief, has left a gap in journalistic circles that will not readily be filled. The ability, pluck, journalistic genius and educational fitness for their task that have distinguished the brothers Maclean in the conduct of their paper, have ensured to it the success it now enjoys, besides winning for the young men themselves the regard of the public. Toronto has lost so many clever young journalists within the last three years that the list has become formidable. A younger brother of the *World* editors died very suddenly about a year ago, so that the family have scarcely recovered before they are again stricken.

The *Evening News* lately gave a very clever thing, sent them by a Toronto gentleman. It is the "opening address, spoken at the Lyceum Theatre, (sic) Toronto, Jan. 26, 1847." The address was taken from a copy of *The Albion* of February 20, 1847, published at 3 Barclay street, New York, and called, in a sub-title, *The British Colonial and Foreign Weekly Gazette*; price \$6 a year. Why the address appeared in an American paper is not explained; probably because it was good. The writer's name is not mentioned.

Though the address is too long to give in full, a few verses will show its merit.

"Welcome, kind friends! who wish the new-born year
Return to smile upon our efforts here—
Whom laughing Thalia's voice once more recalls
To grace Lyceum's bare and whitewashed walls.

Would we might boast a hall (as others do)
More worthy of the Drama—and of you;
But till Toronto rears a Covent Garden,
Extend to all discomforts here your pardon.

Remember, 'tis not every one is able
To build a Pit and Boxes—in a stable;
Convert a coach-house into such a clean room,
And of a hay-loft make a pleasant Green Room!

In short, it is a somewhat puzzling feat
To turn a Mews into a Muse's seat!
But never mind the want of Paint and Gilding,
And judge us by our acting—not our Building."

In the last verse the rhymers says:

"I hear *Besnard's* impatient—I am certain
That's his brogue swearing at me through the curtain."

And again:

"And if to some of us some error's fall,
Wait for *Besnard*—he'll make amends for all."

Can any of your readers tell us who *Besnard* was? The genius of appreciation waits to put the name thus enshrined upon her list, where it is not given to every actor's name to stand.

A funny hit is given in the ninth stanza, funny in the light of later developments.

"And smiling, Oluns yields—to rich Miss Coutts,"
(Who, by the way, I'm told by old Miss Blab,
Is wavering 'twixt Napoleon and McNab!)

Is it Canada's famous McNab that was intended by the humourist?

I see that the visit of the Premier this week was taken advantage of by the Dominion Trades' Congress to press upon him the matter of free books in our public schools. The York County Council passed a resolution at its last meeting condemning the proposition *in toto*. There are, however, two sides to this question. The state undertakes to educate every child within it, and has the power to enforce the use of such text-books as it may appoint. In the past it has put this power into exercise with a vengeance, ordering new text-books, and revised editions of the old, until it is, as cheap in England to pay the regular fees of a high class school, and buy the books as well, as it is in Canada to maintain children at our public or free schools. The management of our Education Department of Ontario in this particular, makes it impossible for the younger children of a family to succeed in turn to the books used by the elder, even though by promotion the elder may have had to get the books for the new class within a year; the consequence is, parents in comfortable circumstances find the education of their children a heavy item in their expenditures, and the poor find it almost impossible.

If the state had to pay for the books used in its schools, it would soon enter upon more economical methods. And if the books are found free, the cost will have to come out of the taxes; there will be no charity or inequality in it; and fewer books will be discarded because of some fashionable whim that tickles the fancy of our *soi-disant* grammarians and geographers.

Moreover, it is possible that cheaper production will ensue, and the wise British maxim be understood, that cheap teaching and expensive text-books undo each other.

It is satisfactory to learn, on Mr. Premier Mowat's authority, that our Minister of Education is in favour of free text-books.

It is not often that the animal kingdom plays a prominent part in our amusements. Once a year a circus comes this way, stays a couple of days, is crowded to suffocation, and then leaves us the posters to feast upon. The Grand Opera House, however, has this week been the theatre of display of a wonderful company of educated horses, twenty-five in number. Professor Bristol has had an unqualified success with them here, which is not to be wondered at, since among our citizens we count T. C. Patterson, whose efforts certainly gave the first important impetus to the improvement of Canadian horses; Dr. Moorehouse, the owner of the famous jumper Rosebury—isn't seven-and-a-half feet straight jump wonderful? Dr. Campbell and Dr. Smith, with a following of ladies and gentlemen that takes in a large proportion of the very highest classes.

The resignation of Mr. Edward Fisher from the leadership of the Choral Society has caused universal regret. Mr. Fisher's connection with the society, as its conductor, has been of long standing, eighteen years, I believe, and nothing less than the demands upon his time from other and imperative musical duties would have forced the acceptance of his resignation. He is succeeded by Signor D'Auria, who has rapidly won himself a high position in musical circles, and under whom the society will certainly maintain the reputation it has reached.

The Caledonians had a grand time o't on Burn's birthday, singing, dancing and flinging, both positively on the platform and figuratively all over the hall, under the presidency of Mr. Robert Swan, one of our oldest, most honest—and that's saying a great deal in connection with coffee—and largest grocers.

From the *Scottish American* the *Mail* takes a communication relating to Burns and Bishop Skinner, the son of the author of "Tullochgorum," from which the lines, following quite in the vein of Burns, to whom they were addressed, is all I must give you.

"Sae, canty plowman, fare-ye-weel,
Lord bless ye lang wi' hae and heil,
And keep ye aye the honest chiel
That ye hae been,
Syn'e left ye to a better beil
Whan this is deen."

The Imperial Federation meeting in the Auditorium last night was a grand success. The floor and first gallery were filled—nay packed—with the best people of the city. The seats of honour in the gallery were occupied by the Government House party in evening dress, Miss Marjorie Campbell, in plum-coloured velvet, half-high, looked very elegant.

Principal Grant was the speaker of the evening, and delivered a brilliant and logical speech in advocacy of Imperial Federation. But much disappointment is generally expressed that more time was not allotted to Dalton McCarthy, the retiring president of the league. It would be well if speakers remembered that audiences have their rights, and that when four speakers are announced, the audience would like to hear two at least.

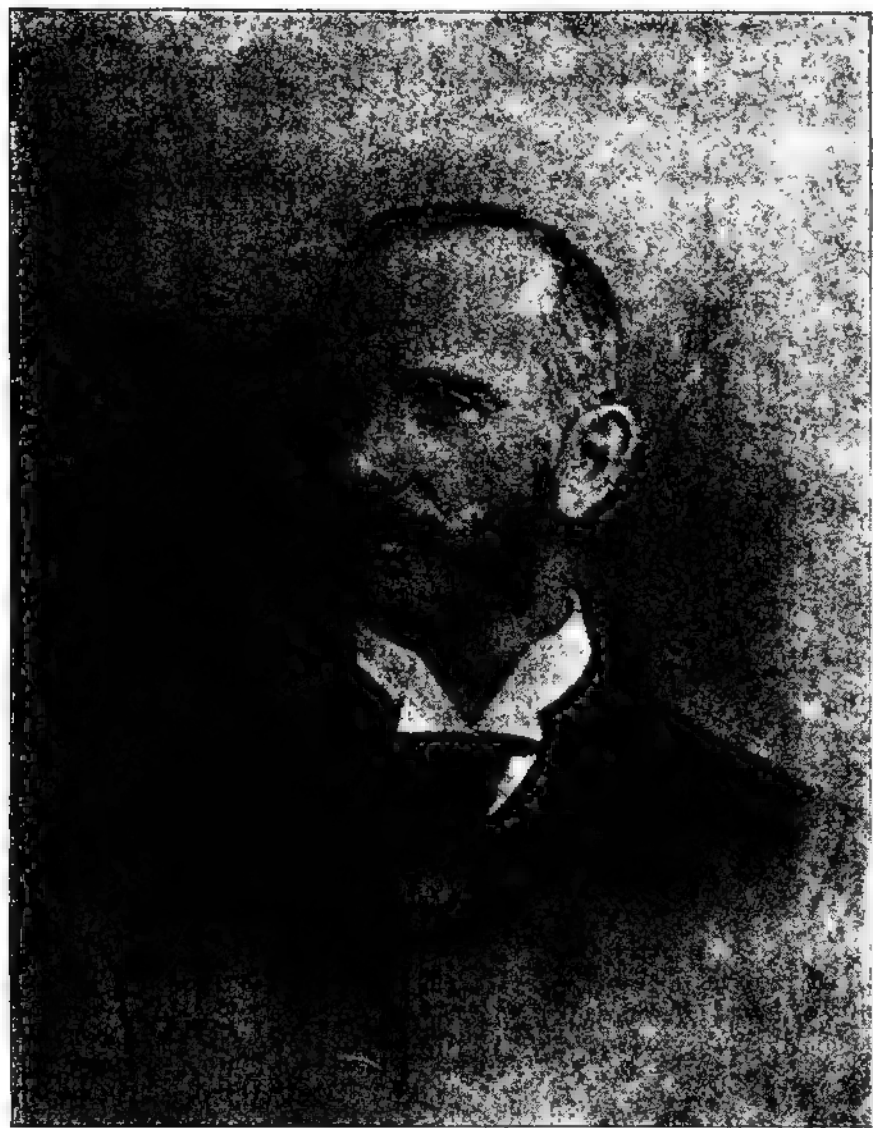
Meyerbeer's *Marche Indienne* from *L'Africaine*, to be given by the Toronto Symphony Orchestra, assisted by the splendid band of the Queen's Own, at the Pavilion, and Gilbert and Sullivan's latest and, as some say, best, "The Gondoliers," at the Grand Opera, are the chief musical events of the coming week.

The Royal Yacht Club Ball on Wednesday at the Pavilion promises to out-run both. The decoration of the Pavilion has been going on for several days already, and many adaptations have been made in order to provide a handsome supper-room and other convenient apartments. The conservatory will be thrown open for promenading, and among its gigantic palms no doubt many cozy nooks will be found.

The ice is gone again, and skaters are feeling as cheap as the rink-owners.

S. A. CURZON.

A NEW FORMULA.—Little Johnnie united the tails of his two pet kittens. He added the extremes—which was mean.—*Ashland Press*.



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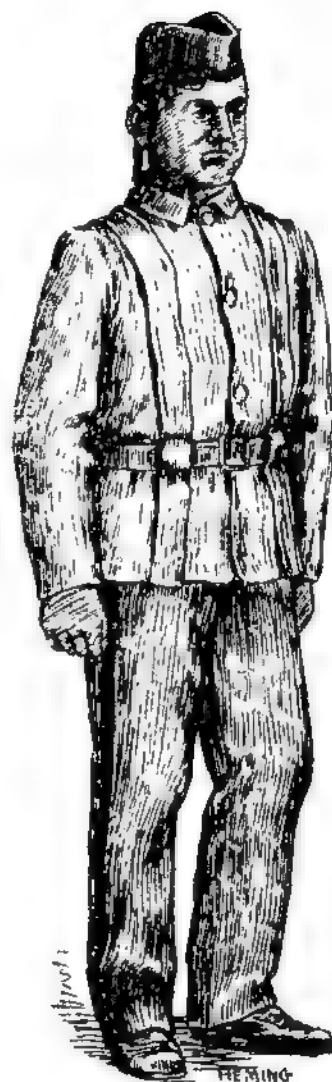
GENERAL VIEW OF THE INSTITUTE.



AN INMATE
Indian Girl.



REV. R. ASHTON, SUPERINTENDENT.



AN INMATE
Indian Boy.

THE MOHAWK INSTITUTE, BRANTFORD, ONT.



A CORNER OF THE WASH ROOM.
THE MOHAWK INSTITUTION, BRANTFORD, ONT.

NELLY BARTON'S LOVER.

BY ADELINE SERGEANT.

"We've always tried to keep ourselves to ourselves, and be respectable; we brought up our children to behave 'emselves, as well as we could; and to think that one of 'em should go and disgrace herself—and in this way—why, it's almost beyond hearing, it is!"

The speaker was a hard-featured woman of nearly sixty years of age; she was sallow and wrinkled, and her face expressed discontent rather than genuine grief.

She stood in the middle of the kitchen floor, wiping away her tears with one corner of her apron, and glancing now and then with resentment and disfavour at a young girl, who was seated in a drooping attitude near the fire, with a young baby on her lap. The girl was really very pretty, although at that moment her ruffled hair, swollen eyes and pale, thin cheeks disfigured her beauty. She held the child loosely and awkwardly on her lap, and kept her face averted as though she did not want to look me—her visitor—in the face.

I, the district visitor and general parish-helper, had been to the house more than once since I heard that Nellie Barton was "in trouble," but hitherto the door had always been barred against me. Mrs. Barton had been out or engaged; at any rate I had invariably found the cottage shut up, although I knew that it could not be empty, as Nelly was in the little front room upstairs.

But to-day I had caught her at her washing—she took in laundry-work sometimes—for the day was warm and sunny, and all the doors were open. A great tub of hot water stood on a wooden bench at the door, and the smell of suds mingled with the scent of wall-flower and southern-wood. It was the first time that Nelly had come downstairs.

"Such an expense, too," Mrs. Barton moaned, with the outspokenness of her class. "For Mrs. Charteris, she objected to helping Nelly, like she generally do, because Nelly wasn't married; and the young ladies haven't been near the place, of course, and me that hurried and worried

I've not known what to do with myself. As for her father, he hasn't seen her yet, and I tell her she'd better go back to bed before he comes in, for he've sworn to leather her within an inch of her life as soon as she's ready to go about again."

"I wish he'd kill me," said the girl passionately—it was the first time she had spoken. "It 'ud be better than this."

"Nathan was here this morning," said Mrs. Barton. Nathan was her eldest son. "He's religious and have took up with the Partic'lar Baptists at Fair Oaks. He can't abear sin, he says. Turn your face, Nelly! That's how he showed her, ma'am, his opinion of *her* doin's."

Nelly's delicate face was marked from cheek to chin by a livid bruise, where Nathan had struck her with his fist.

"Oh! Mrs. Barton, how could you allow him do that?" I said, pitifully. "I am sure Nelly is sorry enough for her wrong-doing, without such cruel treatment. And her own father and brother, too!"

"That's what I say to them, ma'am," said Mrs. Barton in an appeased tone. "It's our own child, I tell 'em, even if she has gone wrong. And we'd better make the best of of things, and p'raps she might put the baby out to nurse and get a place by-and-by, so as to earn something for herself and the child."

I drew Mrs. Barton a little further forward, so that Nelly should not hear what I said. "Will the child's father not help her?—can he not marry her after all?"

"Why, bless you, ma'am, we don't know who he is," said Mrs. Barton in a low whisper. "Nelly won't say a word. I've begged and prayed of her to tell me, but she won't open her lips."

"But have you no idea, Mrs. Barton? Can't you find out?"

"My daughter Maria says she shouldn't wonder if the girl was married, ma'am—secret like. For Nelly was never one to misbehave herself."

"But she won't say a word,—and we can't get it out of her. She was away in a situation for six months last year, and she may have met some one then. And there was several young men that liked to walk with her, being pretty-looking and ladyfied in her ways; but none of 'em 'll have a word to say to her now, and who's to tell what'll be the end of her?" And Mrs. Barton began to weep again, with the corner of her wet apron to her eye.

It was one of the pitiful, sordid little histories that one meets with as surely in the country fields as in the city streets. The girl was young, fair, unprotected, foolish; and she fell. Her betrayer was nowhere to be found. And poor Nelly, loving him faithfully, perhaps, would not mention his name. Rumour busied itself for some time with her story; but it could fix on no one as absolutely certain to have been Nelly's lover. Two or three of the village youths had recently left Underwood, and could not be interrogated. Two—Phil Marks and William Harrison—had enlisted. Phil Marks was a wild, headstrong lad of twenty, belonging to the most vicious and illiterate family in the village. He was quite capable of any wickedness; but then, he was not supposed to know Nelly, save by sight; and had never been seen in her company. William Harrison, on the contrary, had made a practice of walking home with her from church on Sunday evenings for many months. He was older than Marks, quiet and respectable in manner and appearance, and generally supposed to be very steady. But he had been known in the village so long as "Nelly Barton's sweetheart," that everyone soon became convinced in his or her mind that he was her child's father, and a good deal of indignation was felt against him for not having stayed at home to bear the brunt of the trouble he had brought upon her. The Rector made some enquiries as to his regiment, and himself wrote a letter to the young man, but either it miscarried or he did not choose to acknowledge it, for no answer was received.

Nobody reminded the village gossips that a third person had nearly always been present in those walks of which they were whispering. Nelly's great friend was a woman some years older than herself—for Nelly was only seventeen—and she was very seldom absent from the girl's side on Sunday evenings. Mary Parker was the niece of the landlord of the Airedale Arms, which, in Underwood, was a considerably

superior position to that occupied by Nelly, who was only a labourer's daughter, and a nursemaid to boot. Mary served in the bar, and helped in the housework at the inn; but still she was in some sort a person of importance, and had men and maids beneath her. She might even have hired Nelly herself as scullery maid, if she had been so minded. But if she chose to make a friend of the girl, and to walk about with her on Sunday nights, there was no one to say her nay. Although popularly called a barmaid, Mary was particularly quiet and gentle in manner, not at all like the usual "young lady at the bar." And Nelly, being delicate, and pretty, and refined, had a natural affinity for her; and the two had been friends for some time, although Nelly was only seventeen and Mary three-and-twenty.

Of course, Mary heard plenty of gossip concerning Nelly and William Harrison, and perhaps she could have added something thereto if she had wished; but she chose to keep silent on the subject. Men and women of her class are not usually reticent on such points; and Mary must have listened to much that she would rather not have heard, but she never opened her lips, or betrayed by a look or word that the story of Nelly's "misfortune" was painful to her. One day I met her in the village, and rather incautiously asked her if she knew how Nelly Barton was getting on. I shall never forget the frozen look that came over her still, pale face, as she replied:

"I know nothing about Nelly Barton now, ma'am." And then she walked on with her lips so set, her head so high, that really I felt inclined to run after her and apologize for having mentioned Nelly's name to her. But after a little hesitation I went on my way, moralizing to myself on the virtues and vices of village Pharisees, who are quite as afraid of being brought into contact with sinners as they were in Judaea.

Nelly got hard measure in her own home, where the standard of morality was rather higher than in some of the cottages. The elder brother, Nathan, and the unmarried sisters, Maria and Elizabeth, never failed to lecture her on sins when they were at home. Her mother grumbled incessantly. Her father not only talked, but beat her periodically with the leathern strap which he had been in the habit of keeping for his boys. He had never been a consistently sober man; but after Nelly's troubles began he took to going regularly to the public-house, as if he wished to justify her mother's prediction that she "would drive her father to the drink by her wicked ways." Then the baby, which, in spite of ill-feeding and neglect, lived on, as babies that are not wanted always do, was cross and fretful and sickly, giving poor Nelly no rest either by night or day. I met her sometimes in the village, and was shocked to see how ill she looked. Her pretty, fair face was white and drawn, her blue eyes were sunken, her lips purple and dry. She looked as if she were falling rapidly into a decline, and our hearts waxed hot with wrath against the man who had brought the girl to misery and shame. Some people urged her to go out to service again. Mrs. Charteris promised to find her an outfit and a place; but, as a matter of fact, the girl's mother found her too useful at home to let her depart. She scolded, indeed, and grumbled, and said that Nelly and her brat were nothing but an expense to her; but all the world knew differently. For, while Mrs. Barton stood at her cottage door and gossiped, Nelly toiled silently at the wash-tub, cleaned the house, and knitted socks for sale, beside making her own and her baby's clothes. Her industry and her patience softened the hearts of many of her old friends, and they began to accost her in the streets again in a sociable way; but there was one point in which she continued to be in disgrace with the Rectory, and as the Rectory people were influential in the place she was felt to be still under a cloud. This point, of course, concerned the parentage of the child. She still refused to give her lover's name.

This state of things went on till Nelly's little girl was nearly two years old. And then the increasing discomfort and ill-fortune of the Barton household came to a climax. Dr. Elliott was sent for late one night to look at Nelly, who was said to have fallen downstairs. He went to the cottage at once, and found her lying flat on a little truckle-bed in the back kitchen, where she slept. She was insensible, and seemed seriously hurt. Her father was crouching over the remnants of a fire in the front room, dazed and only half sober. Mrs. Barton stood crying, with the child in her arms.

"How did this happen?" said the doctor, after a prolonged examination of his patient.

"She was coming downstairs with a candle to let father in, an' her foot slipped on the steps."

"Was her father sober?"

"Well, sir, he might have had a drop——"

"Can you swear that he didn't strike her?"

"I wasn't there, sir," said the woman, but her frightened face told the doctor that he was very near the truth.

"Take care what you say," he cautioned her, sternly.

"I'm not sure that you won't be had up for manslaughter, the pair of you. Your daughter is seriously injured; I don't suppose she will ever rise from that bed again."

Mrs. Barton burst into a noisy wail, and her husband, who had staggered to the door of the room, also began to shed maudlin tears and to vow that he had not meant to hurt his girl. The man's drunken remorse was quite sufficient to condemn him in the eyes of the doctor, who thenceforward espoused the cause of Nelly and her wrongs with quite amusing vehemence. He went out and brought the parish nurse to the girl's bedside, promising to be responsible for the expense; and left Mr. and Mrs. Barton in a wholesomely frightened and conciliatory mood.

Nelly did not die, as at first the doctor really thought she would; but it was found that her spine was seriously hurt, and that there was no hope of her ever being able to walk again. She might live, he said, for many years, and only occasionally would she suffer pain; but her life would be a dreary one, and it behoved her friends and relations to do all that they could to brighten it. I should have liked to have seen the doctor as he laid down the law on this point to the astounded Nathan, Maria and Elizabeth. As to Barton the elder, Dr. Elliott nearly drove him into a fit by the severity of his denunciations.

What would have been a misfortune for any other girl, seemed like a blessing and a deliverance to Nelly. To lie quietly on the bed, without much pain unless she tried to move, to see kindly faces round her, to have flowers and fruit sent her from the Rectory and the Hall,—it was, at first, like a little heaven to her. She was overwhelmed by the kindness and the pity of her friends. Even Nathan was softened, and kissed the pale cheek that he had once struck so heavily. Nelly was too grateful to complain of the fate which had restored her friends to her, even if it had hopelessly crippled her for life.

The difficulty came later on, when her invalidism had become a commonplace thing, and she was felt to be a burden on the household. Her own weariness and weakness were hard to bear. The father fell deeper and deeper into the slough of drunkenness; the mother became a confirmed slattern and grumbler. Lady Airedale, who was then living, came forward with her usual liberality and gave the poor girl a pension of five shillings a week; but this was not sufficient to drive the wolf from the door, for half-a-crown was due every week for rent, and this was usually paid out of poor Nelly's five shillings. In spite of this fact, her mother soon began to upbraid her for her fault, and to tell her that all the misery they were now enduring lay at her door. I think that pretty rose-covered cottage of Thomas Barton's contained about as much real wretchedness as it would hold.

Some one came to Nelly's help. It was Mary Parker, of all people in the world. She walked in one evening, and listened at the foot of the stairs to Mrs. Barton's voice loudly accusing Nelly of every vice under the sun. Mary could hear Nelly's feeble sobs and feebler vindication of herself, and her cheeks grew hot as she heard. She walked straight upstairs, and presented herself at the door of Nelly's room.

"I've come to see Nelly, Mrs. Barton," she said with that quiet air of superiority which Nelly's mother always resented. "I'll sit with her a little while, if you will let me."

Mrs. Barton retired, muttering to herself. Nelly shrank a little and covered his face with her hands. Mary went up to her, and took the hands gently away from the poor worn face, and kissed the quivering lips.

"Oh, Mary," Nelly cried, with a passionate burst of tears, "how can you ever bear to speak to me again?"

Now this speech of Nelly's was uttered from a standpoint differing exceedingly from the listener's. Nelly was speaking in a general sense—from a feeling of self-abasement and self-condemnation. Mary took the speech as a confession of guilt, with especial reference to herself; for she had been in love with William Harrison for the last three years, and she believed that Nelly knew it and had taken her lover away from her. But she accepted the confession as she thought it was meant; kissed the girl again, and bade her say nothing more about it.

"But I may show you my little Polly, mayn't I?" said Nelly, wistfully. You don't mind?—I called her after you. Nobody'll ever know that I did, because Mary's such a com-

mon name about here. But I thought of you—I did."

Mary's eyes filled with tears. She held out her arms to the little toddling child, and took it to her heart at the same time. And from that moment she held aloof no more.

It was a great advantage to Nelly to have Mary's friendship. Mary sent her dainties from the inn, and took the child home sometimes to play with the dogs and cats which wandered familiarly in and out of the bar-parlour; to bask on sunny days in the inn garden, and to become the pet, instead of the outcast, of the village. Little Polly was a remarkably pretty child, but Mary mourned in secret that she resembled her mother only, and had not inherited Will Harrison's fine brown eyes. Nelly got plenty of orders for knitted socks and shawls—Mary took care of that; and the Barton household revived a little and became a trifle more prosperous than heretofore.

It became still more prosperous when Thomas Barton died. The Squire remitted the rent altogether, and Mrs. Barton earned a fair amount by washing and charring. It she had been blessed with a more tranquil disposition, the home would have been happier; but her grumbling tongue was never silent. And although Nelly kept silent about her woes, we, who knew her, often saw that her face was very sad.

And thus the years went by, until the time came when Polly was seven years old.

Mary was sitting one day behind the counter with her needlework—there was so little of the ordinary public-house custom in Mr. Parker's highly respectable inn, that she was often able to sew for an hour or two in the bar without interruption—and Polly was strutting about the clean-flagged entrance hall, with a black kitten clasped to her breast, when a tall bronzed man in a soldier's uniform walked in. Mary rose, in a dutiful, mechanical way, to take his orders.

"Don't you know me, Mary?" said Will Harrison.

She started, and the colour flushed her pale face. The pleasant brown eyes were just the same. The voice was unaltered; but the manner was changed, and the brown resolute face did not look like the Will she had known of old. His regimentals, too, altered his appearance; she noticed that he wore medals on his breast, and some mysterious stripes upon his arm.

"Come, Mary, won't you shake hands? It's a long time since I saw you. I thought I would turn in here and see whether you were in your old place. I didn't expect it, though!"

She gave him her hand across the counter, and then she wished she had refused it. The man pressed it between both his own, and looked into her face with a wistful sort of enquiry.

"You don't seem particularly glad to see me, Mary. I thought that if you were still here you would be glad to hear that I had got on pretty well. I'm a Sergeant, now—Sergeant Harrison doesn't sound bad does it?—and I've had a little money left me. I'm going to leave the army, and settle down in Underwood."

"Are you?" said Mary. Then, resolving to ask one question and get it over, she said sharply, "Are you married?"

He stared at her in evident surprise. "Married!" he exclaimed. "No—not while I belonged to a marching regiment, thank you! No—I always remembered a face I had left behind, Mary, and thought that perhaps, one day—

There was something in his voice or in his eyes that frightened Mary, although she did not quite know why. She caught hold of the bar counter with both her hands, and called hurriedly to the child.

Polly, come here! Don't run out into the road."

Will Harrison turned round suddenly, and looked at the fair-haired child. At first he must have thought that it was Mary's own little girl, for he turned again and glanced at her left hand, as if to see whether she wore a wedding ring; then he said,

"Whose child is that?"

"A neighbor's child," said Mary; then, with an effort, "Tell the gentleman your name, dear."

"It's Polly Barton," said the little one, looking up into Will's face with her sunny blue eyes.

"I thought she must be a Barton," said Will, eagerly. "She has eyes like Nelly's——"

"She is Nelly's child," said Mary, curtly.

He stood erect, without speaking, and looked at her, while she continued in a dull low voice, as if she were repeating a lesson that had been often conned.

"She was born about six months after you went away. And before the child was two years old, Thomas Barton struck Nelly and pushed her downstairs when he was

drunk, so that Nelly's been a cripple and on her back ever since. Barton's dead now, and Nelly and her mother live together."

She dared not look at his face, but she felt conscious that it was drawn and livid, and that the brown eyes were full of an unspeakable grief and shame. There was a moment's bitter silence; then he turned about, said in a hoarse altered voice, "I'm going to see her now," and strode out of the inn.

Next day the village rang with a marvellous piece of news. Will Harrison had come back, and he was resolved to make up to Nelly Barton for all that she had suffered, in fact, he was going to marry her out of hand. Some of the Underwood villagers voted him a fool; but more said that he was an honourable man, who was trying to undo the ill effects of the harm that he had done. Gossip reported that he had had a long conversation with the Rector, and that Mr. Charteris had shaken hands with him warmly at the Rectory door, which proved that Will's behaviour had at least recommended itself to the clergyman of the parish.

But to think of poor Nelly being married after all! Will Harrison would have a sad life of it with an invalid wife upon his hands. "However," as one of the village good wives said, "he brought it upon her, and it's right that he should try to make amends." And Mrs. Barton went about the village beaming with smiles, and declaring what a good son Will was going to be to her.

But Will Harrison himself did not look as if he were happy in the consciousness of reparation for past misdoing. He had a harassed, downcast air, as of a man who was being urged to some painful duty. Even Nelly did not seem very happy. She was nervous, restless, alternately elated and depressed. And sometimes she cried when people spoke to her of Will.

I was present at the wedding, which had, of course, to take place in Nelly's little bed chamber.

The bride was flushed and trembling; Will Harrison, in full regimentals, looked desperate, like a man who stakes his life upon one hazard; Mrs. Barton cried and laughed at the same moment; Polly, in a white frock, stared open-mouthed at the strange apparition of a soldier and a clergyman in her mother's room; Mary Parker stood beside Nelly throughout the ceremony. I thought that she was very pale, but she smiled gently at the trembling girl, and kissed her affectionately as soon as the service was concluded. Then she reached out her hand to Harrison, and looked steadfastly at him for a moment. What there was exactly in that look to cause Harrison to turn pale and bite his lip, I could not possibly say, but it certainly produced an agitating effect, and was noticed by Mr. Charteris as well as by myself.

Another odd incident of this strange wedding may also be noted. Harrison, on turning away from Mary, caught sight of little Polly, whom he immediately snatched to his breast and covered with kisses. "I'll be your father, now, child," we heard him say, and thought it an odd remark, considering the circumstances.

There was one point which I liked about Will Harrison—this new Will Harrison, for he as was unlike the one whom the Underwood folk remembered as he well could be—and that was the care which he took to seek out Phil Marks' parents, and give them several little keepsakes from their son. It seemed that Phil had died in India two or three months only before Will's return, and that he had been Will's closest friend out there. "He was a very much changed man before he died," Will was heard to say, in a grave and gentle tone. "He steadied down, and talked of coming back to Underwood and making up to his parents for all the trouble he'd been to them. But he died, poor old chap, and asked me to do all I could for them that he'd left behind."

Will went to church regularly, with little Polly clinging to his hand; and after a time he was asked by the Rector to take his old seat in the choir, a request which excited some discussion in the village, certain precisians holding that his past error ought to disqualify him forever from church work, and others declaring that repentance availed to wash out even the remembrance of transgression. "Besides," said one whose wit was nimbler than the rest, "nobody has ever heard Will Harrison say that he led Nelly Barton wrong. We've taken it for granted that he did, because it ain't likely that anybody else would want to marry her; but has anybody heard him say so? Tell me that?"

And nobody had heard him say so, and only one dissentient murmured that he went by Mrs. Barton, and Mrs. Barton ought to know.

And so a few months went on. Nelly looked brighter and happier every day, and really seemed to be growing stronger. Will made her a most devoted husband. I asked her once if she were happy, and she replied with almost passionate fervour, "I never was so happy in my life. And I don't deserve it. I don't deserve it! Will is so good!"

Let me hasten to the conclusion of my story. It makes my heart bleed to think of the lives that were wronged and spoiled for one man's sin. And yet good comes out of evil, and perhaps the souls of four men and women have cause to bless that man's repentance, although they suffered one and all for his wrong-doing.

On one dark evening in December, William Harrison's cottage took fire. It was afterwards supposed to be through the carelessness of old Mrs. Barton, who had dropped asleep with the candle too near her cap. Nelly could do nothing to save herself; William was out, but Polly, shrieking lustily, attracted the attention, fortunately for her, of a passer-by, and help was at hand in a few minutes. But in these few moments a great deal of mischief was done. Will Harrison came flying from the other end of the village to learn that although his mother-in-law and little Polly had been rescued, his wife still lay upon her bed in the upper room, where nobody had been able to reach her. It needed but a word and he rushed into the burning cottage, regardless of the roaring flame and stifling smoke. The lookers-on held their breath aghast. I had been sent for, as the village people knew that Nelly was always a favourite of mine. I was just in time to see him emerge from the cottage, with the senseless figure of Nelly in his arms. And even as he staggered forth, a terrible thing happened. The wall of the cottage gave way, the roof fell in, and a great fragment of masonry struck him to the earth. He had cast his wife from him out of the range of danger, but he himself lay half buried amongst the blazing ruins of the house.

They managed to get him out and place him on the sward outside the garden wall. It was no use doing anything for Nelly. She was dead—had died of the shock, the doctor said, before ever he lifted her from the bed on which she had lain for so many years. But William was still living, and conscious, although mortally hurt. Dr. Elliott examined him, and shook his head. "It won't last long," he said to me, in an under-tone.

"Shall we remove him?" someone asked.

"No time. Let him alone; it's a matter of a few minutes only. One can't do anything."

Will must have heard, for he fixed his eye on the doctor for a moment with a look of sad intelligence, then turned them upon me. I was kneeling at his side, holding a teaspoonful of brandy to his white lips. I saw that he wanted to speak, and bent my head to listen.

"Mary's not here, is she? Mary Parker?"

"No, but I will send for her, if you wish."

"It's no use; she wouldn't come in time." Then, in a still lower voice, "Will you give her a message from me?"

"Certainly I will."

"My love first, please; and then tell her—I've tried to do my duty."

"Yes, my poor fellow, I'm sure you have."

"I was Phil's friend; I couldn't do less, could I?"

I thought his mind was wandering, and I did not speak. "I didn't think I could ever have the chance of telling her; but I don't think Phil would mind now. Nor Nelly either. Stoop down, please ma'am. Lower, please; I don't want anybody else to hear. You'll keep the secret, and so will Mary too. My love to her—and—it was Phil, not me. She'll know what I mean. I can't die while she thinks so hard of me, and nobody's to know but her. She'll be kind all the same to poor little Polly, when I'm gone. And Phil was very sorry before he died—and told me—to make amends. Tell Mary—I did—my best."

"Stand back, please," said the doctor. "A little more air. Put his head down, Mrs. Daintrey, if you please; he'll never speak again."

And it was at that moment that Mary came running up, to look at the face of the man she loved, and had so long misjudged, and to take the child of poor dead Phil Marks and Nelly Barton into her motherly arms.

[THE END.]

POINTS.

By ACUS.

To point a moral and adorn a tale!

—Johnson: *Vanity of Human Wishes*

A halo hovers about the "days of old." It is not alone to distance that this enchantment is due. One of the characteristics of the days was not, perhaps, that there was more honour, but that there was, as it were, a different kind of honour. Look at it in a business light. In the "early days" of a country there are no banks, there is none of the legal and commercial paraphernalia, such as notes and bonds. In the absence of these things, a man's word was "as good as his bond." Such, according to Bret Harte, were "the early days of '49" in the Western States. Now it is not to be supposed that to-day this kind of honour is entirely wanting; but as a fixed principle I fear it is not so universally recognized in business. By tying men down with our legal and commercial conventionalities, we imply a suspicion of them. They are not put upon their honour. Trust a man and the probability is he will try to deserve it; suspect him and you may have reason to. That is principle. That is partly the cause which has brought it about that notes are not met at maturity, drafts are dishonoured, and debts of honour are avoided upon legal technicalities.

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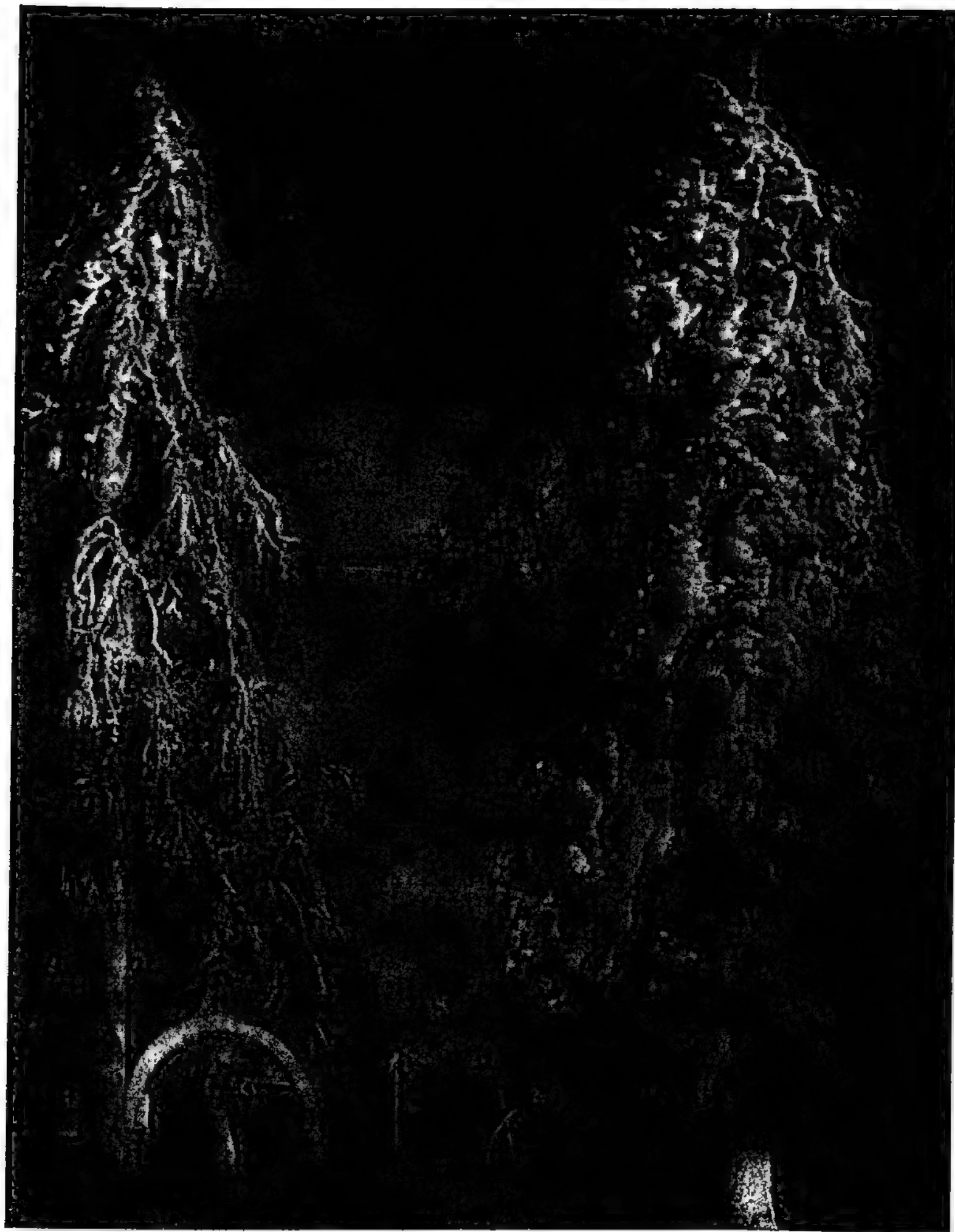
Advertising of late has called so much fine art into requisition, that it might almost be said to be one of the fine arts itself. The advertising sheets at the front and back of the great magazines, I sometimes think, are quite as interesting as anything between the covers. Everything is graphically and pictorially set out, from a needle to a haystack. Cleanliness being one of the highest virtues, the highest art has properly been used to set forth the merits of soaps. Wares for the fair sex are daintily and aesthetically portrayed to catch the feminine eye. And from the sums expended in advertising patent medicines, one would imagine that there is nothing like being unhealthy to make a man "wealthy and wise,"—that is, some other man who vends patent medicines. Truly the veriest prose is transposed into poetry, and business transformed into pleasure, by the developing hand of the skillful advertising artist.

* * *

Many great men, notably Napoleon, have been believers in "luck." Whether or not "Chinese" Gordon himself was a believer in luck, certain it is that many of his followers were; and they attributed to his little staff something of the potency of a magic wand. But Napoleon, like many another who has wooed and won her, found Luck fickle, for she forsook him at last. I have heard persons say that if they enter a game, say of cards, feeling that they are bound to win and going to do it, believing they are going to be lucky, they are likely to be so; and they tell you, as an aphorism, to "believe in your luck." Certain gamblers consider that luck and chance are regulated by fixed laws; and elaborate treatises have been produced dealing with the subject mathematically. It strikes one as odd that a science like mathematics should be employed with such a visionary thing as luck. How many important events in the world have turned upon the tossing of a copper. No doubt many. "It is better," we are told, "to be born lucky than to be born rich." But I suppose most of us, if we had a say in the matter, would be satisfied to be only born rich, and to run our chances as to the rest of it.

* * *

What memories of clear, frosty, moonlight nights, of pretty girls picturesquely clad, of unconventional displays of exuberant spirits, and of exhilarating speed, are associated with our Canadian sport, tobogganing! Coming up the hill again is the only literal "draw back;" not a material one, however. It is a case where labor is rewarded. The sport seems linked, as it were, to the genius of the country. Its Indian origin, the mountainous nature of the land, and the reliable winters that do not depend upon weather predictions, associate with it eminently Canadian characteristics. But the number of slides having been increased in Montreal, and more or less apathy in regard to the sport being observable elsewhere, apprehensions have arisen lest it should be dying out. The sport is one which is hardly likely to die out; it will probably subside, as it were, for a season or so, and then come in again with redoubled vigour. It was the same with skating. Skating waned a little a year or so ago, but it has come in again, and the wicked (and the good, too,) in large numbers try, with considerable success, to "stand in slippery places."



A MID-WINTER VIEW OF TREES IN PROSPECT PARK, NIAGARA.
(Messrs. Zybach & Co., photo.)

HISTORIC CANADA, IX.



HE struggle for supremacy in North America between France and Britain was ended by the

capitulation of Montreal in 1760, and the transfer of Canada by the Treaty of Paris in 1763. The British

Provinces were delivered from the fear of incursions from Canada; the Pontiac war had been put down by British arms, and everything had the appearance of settled peace. But the outburst in Boston set the country in a flame; the British troops withdrew from that city, driven off by hunger rather than by force of arms. The Revolutionary war was soon in full vigour to end in 1783, when the independence of the United States was acknowledged.

Among the actors who took part in the scenes of that period many are known, some with an honourable record, others with the stigma of failure (not necessarily of disgrace). How many of those who did their duty faithfully and successfully, as brave and capable men, in subordinate positions, have had their memories preserved? I propose to give a sketch of one of those forgotten officers.

Mason Bolton was born in Dublin about 1735, and at the age of sixteen received an ensign's commission in the 9th Regiment, serving for twenty-two years before he obtained the rank of Major in 1773. During that time he had been exposed to every extreme of climate; nearly died of yellow fever in the West Indies; suffered from malaria and scurvy in Florida; had his constitution completely undermined, yet served continuously without relief, beyond that afforded by a few months leave of absence when a subaltern. He rejoined the army in Canada with his regiment in the spring of 1776, and accompanied Burgoyne that summer in his first expedition, when Carleton was commander-in-chief. In November of the same year he was transferred to the 8th, or King's Regiment, as lieutenant-colonel, the headquarters being at Niagara, to which post he went to take command in the spring of 1777.

Niagara was then one of the upper posts, regarded as being on the verge of civilization, at which, as one officer wrote, the discomforts were so great that they might be accepted as an atonement for many sins. It was by no means modern, having been originally built by La Salle in 1678,

as a stockaded fort, and left in command of de Tonti, with a garrison of thirty men. It was used as a magazine or storehouse and filled with goods and provisions for trade with the Indians, a vessel being employed during the two summers of 1678 and 1679 exclusively for that purpose, to avoid the hostility of the Indians, who had seen with jealousy the construction of a fort, but were appeased when they saw it turned into a storehouse from which they could obtain supplies.

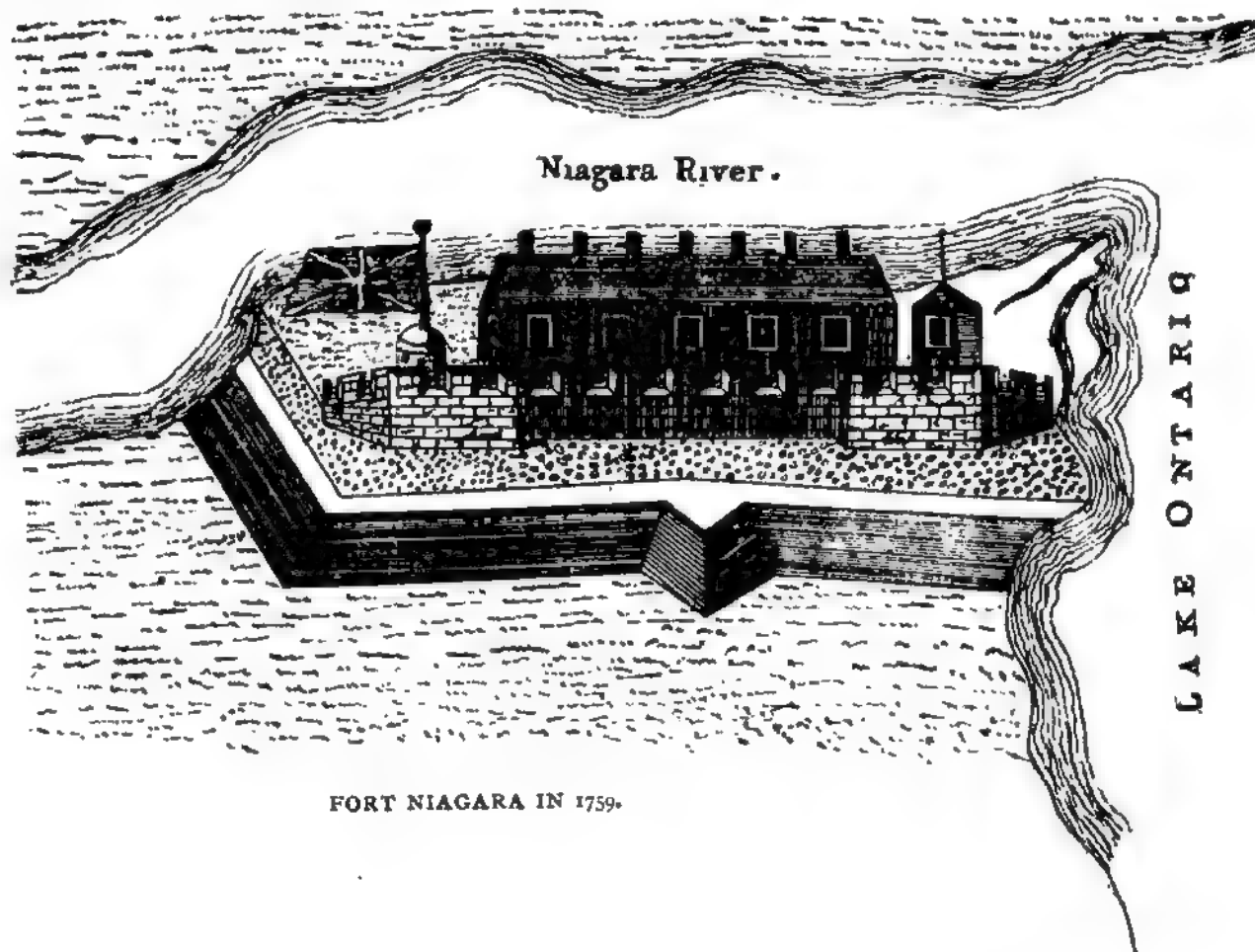
In 1680 it was abandoned by the garrison, who withdrew all the goods that could be carried off, and so La Salle's plan for securing the fur trade was for the time frustrated. It was too suitable a place for trade to be long neglected. In 1686 it was proposed by Denonville to erect a permanent fort, strong enough to resist the attacks of the British and to secure the whole of the western fur trade, the Quebec merchants offering to furnish all sorts of goods necessary for the trade, and to pay, besides, 30,000 livres for the privilege of trading with the Indians. In 1687 the fort was erected and a garrison placed there of 100 men under the Chevalier de Troyes. But a pestilence broke out and the whole garrison died, as alleged by some from the badness of the provisions, or by others from malaria, but, from whatever cause, the fort was again abandoned and the place left uninhabited. Experience in the neighbourhood having shown that the deaths were not caused by the unhealthiness of the situation, another fort was built in 1721, the one taken by Sir William Johnson in 1759, and which was still in existence during the Revolutionary War.

It was to this post, as already said, that Bolton was sent in the prime of life, as years go, and full of spirit and courage, but his originally strong constitution so weakened that he was almost a physical wreck. His sufferings were not sharp attacks, coming occasionally, and leaving long intervals of ease. They were steady, continuous, gnawing at his very life strings. Yet, in spite of them, he gained the confidence of his officers and men as a leader under whom they could cheerfully serve. His duties as district commander were many and arduous. He was responsible for the safety of all the posts along the extensive frontier as far north as Michilimakinak; had practically to guard the navigation from Coteau du Lac upwards, so as to secure the safety of the provisions for the posts under his charge, any serious deficiency in that respect involving the retreat of the troops and the defeat of the most skillfully devised military arrangements. He was compelled to keep the Indians in good humour and prevent them from going on independent expeditions, which too often meant indiscriminate slaughter. Apart from general instructions for his guidance, nearly everything was left to his discretion, and for months all com-

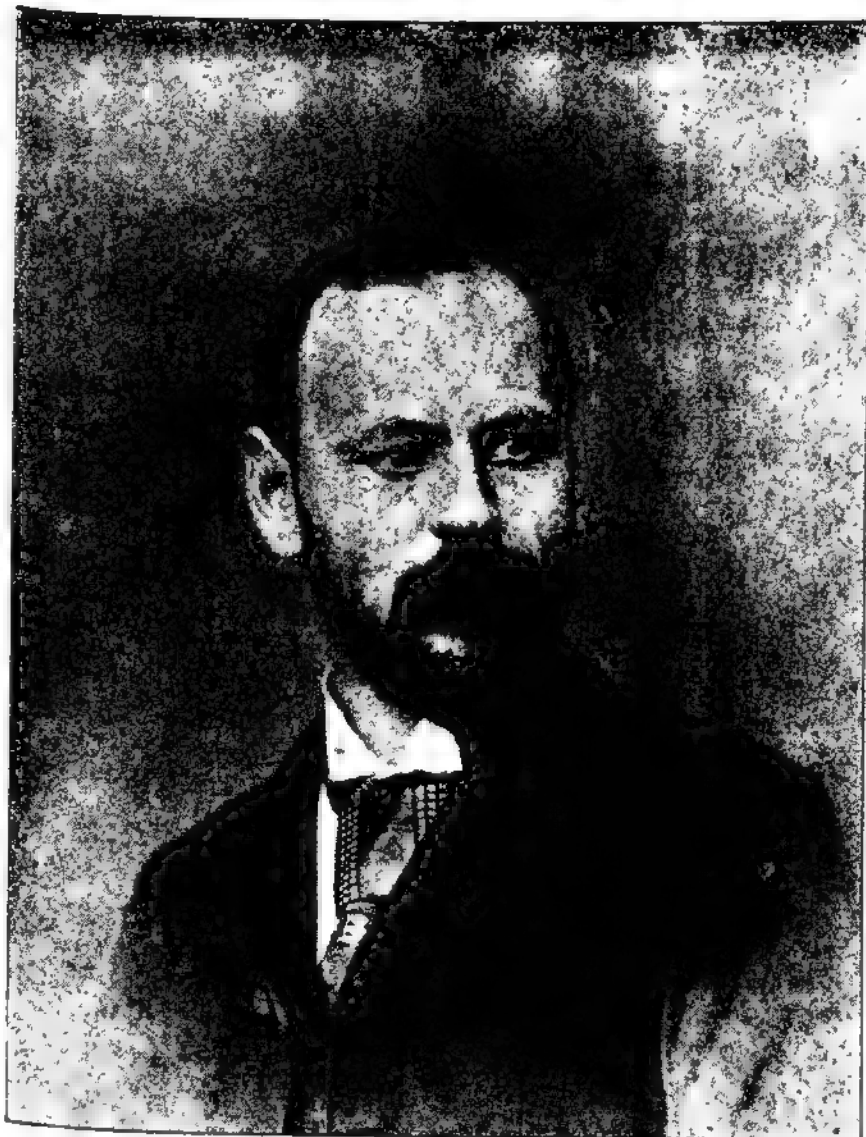
munication between him and the rest of the world was cut off, except through such reports as were brought in by the scouts he had constantly in motion to obtain intelligence of the movements of the enemy, as otherwise a hostile force might surprise his post at any moment.

The number of troops in Canada was limited, and only a few could be spared for the upper posts. The troops at Niagara had a hard time of it, some on fatigue duty, others off on scout, so that nothing could be done to strengthen the works, and they stood in great need of repair. On the capitulation of Burgoyne, Bolton expected that the enemy would be emboldened to attack his post, yet he had no supply of artillery stores to resist and no men to repair the fort. The stockades and pickets were rotten, the outworks gone, provisions were running short; but the commander wrote that, in spite of all, the King's Regiment would do its duty.

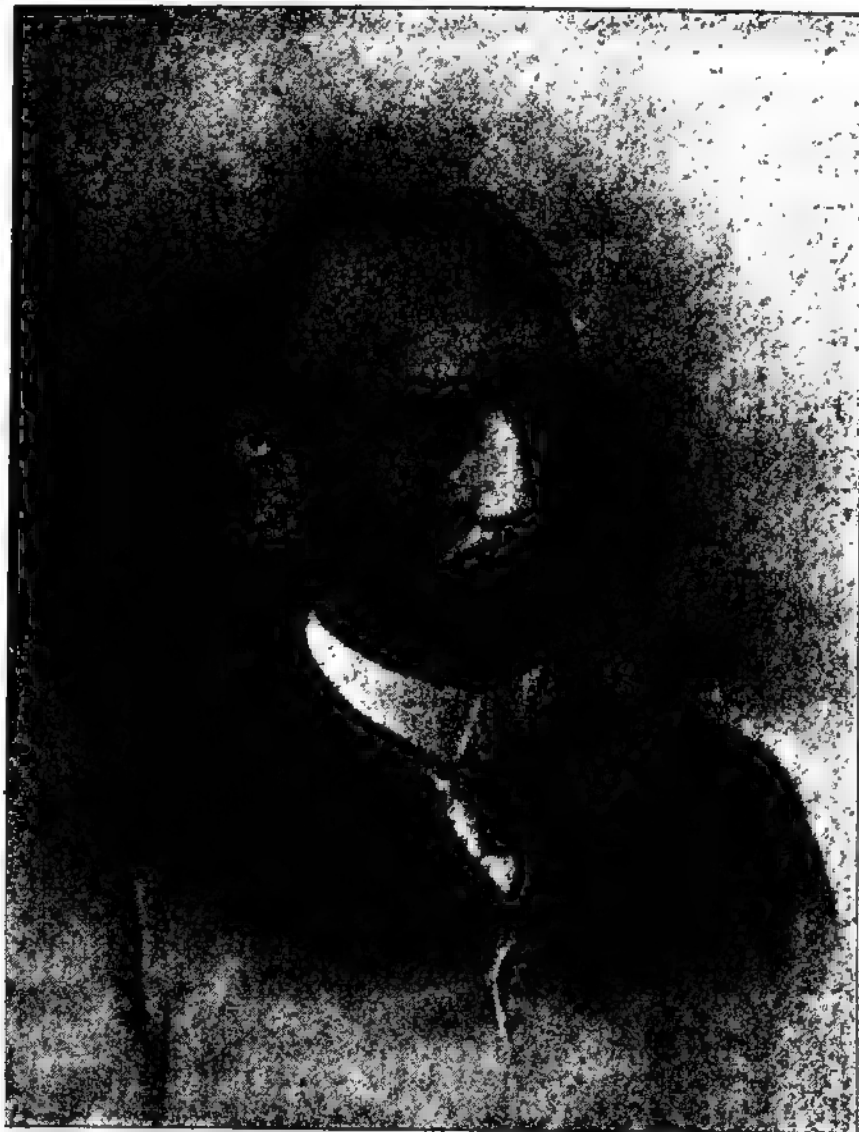
In the spring of 1778 the Indians became restless; he was compelled to employ and restrain them. All demanded clothing and provisions, which he must give in violation of orders, or withhold and lose their services. His few sailors refused to do duty on account of the reduction of their rations—a reduction of which he disapproved, but which he had been instructed to enforce. In spite of these obstacles, this physical wreck conducted, during the summer of 1778, the most active operations. He had the Indians and rangers constantly out, through whom he kept every settlement in alarm to deter the men from joining the hostile forces; arranged the more regular and important expeditions, which included naval and military operations ordered by the commander-in-chief; he had scouts on foot from Fort Stanwix, on the Mohawk, to Fort Pitt, close to the forks of the Ohio, so that not a movement of the enemy passed undetected or their designs unanticipated. For, in truth, Niagara was not in a position to resist an attack in force. It was lumbered with the goods of the Indian traders, placed there for security, adding difficulties to the defence and temptation to those in search of plunder. The post required 1,000 men for its defence; there were 294, a large proportion of whom were on the sick list. There were scarcely men enough to man the outworks, even if they had been defensible, or to relieve the sentries, but Bolton had made up his mind to defend his post until the death. Congress had determined to attack the Indians with a strong body of troops, so as to clear the way for an advance on Niagara and Detroit. To meet this plan Bolton had, from his small garrison, to send detachments to Walter Butler to help the Indians against the Wyoming men, who had advanced to Tioga; to Hamilton to help him in his ill-conceived expedition against Vincennes.



FORT NIAGARA IN 1759.



ANTOINE GOBEIL, Esq.,
Deputy Minister of Public Works, Ottawa.



G.P.O. HADRILL, Esq. Jr.,
Secretary Montreal Board of Trade

Then he had to meet the intrigues of the French commanders, who tried to seduce the French Canadians and gain over the Indians. As the year closed the prospects grew darker. Boats could not be obtained to bring up provisions; the reinforcement promised did not arrive; 3,000 Indians (men, women and children) had to be fed, as there was dearth in their own villages. Against this defenceless post and Detroit three armies were reported to be on the march—two by way of the Seneca Country and Presqu'Isle against the one, the third by Sandusky against the other. The only hope was in Butler's successful resistance in the field. The cheering news at last came that Walter Butler had checked the enemy's advance; this, with the faithful services of the Indians, had, in the meantime at least, averted the danger of an attack on the posts.

The winter continued the work of destruction on the defences of Niagara. In the spring of 1779 it had become a ruin. The pickets on the land side were rotten; the connecting parapets had burst from alternate frost and heavy rains; the heavy surf from the lake had rendered the water front useless; neither men nor means could be found to repair the damage. Even the most desperate courage held out no hope of successful resistance to a well appointed enemy, for there was not a musket flint in the garrison; that is, the men were practically without arms. Yet Bolton held on with grim determination, fighting against disease and struggling to keep his forces effective. Racked with rheumatism, with violent cramps, with agonizing pains in his chest, he issued orders from his bed, to which he was now frequently confined, or limped round to see that every man was at his post.

That summer passed without attack; a reinforcement had arrived, and so well was the additional force employed that the enemy never

could get near the posts, although the greatest efforts had been made by Congress to collect an army to force a way to reach and capture this feeble outpost. An almost despairing appeal was sent by Bolton to be relieved of duties far beyond his strength, but the answer was that his services were too valuable to be dispensed with.

Endurance has its limits. Struggling under a load of disease, scarcely able to write, so crippled was he and so reduced his strength, in 1780 he made another appeal for leave of absence, in which the pride of the soldier contends with the feebleness and debility of the worn out man. Whilst waiting for the answer everything seemed to combine to add to his responsibilities and duties. Quarrels at the outposts must be settled; detachments to be furnished for an important expedition under Sir John Johnson, which must not fail; the safety of the fleet off Oswego, these and other duties multiplied as his weakness became more pronounced. Hope deferred made his heart sick. At last, on the 7th of October, 1780, the anxiously expected leave arrived, with the prospect of obtaining the needed rest; the hope of a return to health and of once more seeing his old friends—a pleasant vista for the worn-out soldier. Three weeks of incessant toil to leave everything ready for his successor, and on the 31st of October he left Niagara in a fine new vessel, the Ontario. That day she was seen repeatedly off the north shore, making her way down. A sudden squall hid her from view. She was never seen more. She had gone down with all on board, 70 souls; but the wreckage, picked up on the south shore near Oswego, told too clearly that all was over—that the brave soldier had gained his rest, but it was a rest beneath the waters of Lake Ontario, where the sound of mortal struggle would never reach him.

So Bolton perished in his forty-sixth year. Was

his life a failure? It would seem so, judged by the test of worldly advancement; but the example of a life's devotion to duty is never lost, and those who served under him felt the influence of the example he set before them, making them better men and truer soldiers. It cannot in this light, therefore, be looked on as a failure, though his name has not been preserved in the *Gazette* as the winner of great battles, or his death recorded in the official obituary notices of those entitled to be so honoured.

DOUGLAS BRYMNER.

Literary Items.

SCOTT'S OWN ROMANCE.—In a note to the newly published Journal of Sir Walter Scott is published the name of the lady whom Scott loved as long as life lasted; the name he cut in Runic characters on the turf beside the castle gate at St. Andrews. She was Williamina Belches, sole child and heir of a gentleman who was a cadet of the ancient family of Invermay, and who afterwards became Sir John Steuart of Fettercairn. In 1827 the name "still agitated his heart."

GOETHE often set down on paper during the day thoughts and ideas which had presented themselves to him during his sleep on the preceding night. Coleridge is said to have composed his fragment of "Kubla Khan" during his sleep.

It is stated that only forty copies were printed of Whittier's "At Sundown," which he had privately printed to send to a few friends.

BISHOP LICHFOOT's theological library, one of the finest private collections in the world, was bequeathed by him to the Divinity School at Cambridge University, and has just been arranged there. It consists of nearly two thousand volumes, weighing four tons.

OUR LONDON LETTER.

The Author, the organ of the Incorporated Society of Authors, has now reached its eighth number, and in it Mr. Walter Besant, who is mainly responsible for the formation of the society and for the editorship of the paper, again urges the desirability of a club for authors to be modelled somewhat on the same lines as the Authors' Club of New York. Mr. Besant, among other things, says that it might add to the self-respect—which he says is now lamentably deficient—and so “they may be persuaded to cease exercising their wit in epigrams and criticisms on each other, while there remain so many excellent subjects in the world outside.” What a glorious thing that would be! Can anyone fancy Mr. Robert Buchanan ceasing to exercise his wit on Mr. William Archer, for instance? Perhaps, too, the little difficulties which are always cropping up about plagiarism might then be settled in the club without reaching the ears of the outside world. Mr. Walter Besant is, however, very serious on the subject, and suggests two alternative courses, one of which might, he thinks, be pursued with advantage. His first suggestion is that of a club, pure and simple, for which “everybody would be eligible for election who was connected professionally with any branch of literature. Journalists, for instance, would be eligible; also, every man and woman who writes books.” Rather a large order that last, Mr. Besant. The second proposal is that of an “Authors' House.” That is to say, a house would be taken in Bloomsbury, near to the British Museum, which would be used as a club and a working centre, where rooms could be engaged by members who required to work, alone and uninterrupted for any length of time. I shall be curious to see how Mr. Besant's schemes turn out. The position of the author wants improving, and Mr. Besant is just the man to do it.

How General Booth's book has ‘taken on’ in England! In spite of Professor Huxley's attack on the schemes, in spite, too, of Robert Buchanan's defence of it, already one hundred and twenty-five thousand copies have been sold, and the demand goes on. The book, too, has been translated into every European language. As an instance of the extraordinary way in which it has taken hold of the reading public, we may mention that in the Christmas number of *The Review of Reviews* Mr. W. T. Stead (who is more than suspected to have had a large hand in writing the book) happened to say, in reporting the progress of the great scheme, that Mudie's Library, after having given their order for copies for the circulating library withdrew it. This, apparently, was incorrect, and the directors of the library thought that the damage that had been done to their reputation and business was so great that they threatened that if an apology was not at once inserted in the daily papers an action for libel would be commenced. Of course, Mr. Stead apologized; but, clever man as he is, he managed to turn the apology into the best of advertisements, both for the scheme and for the *Review of Reviews*.

By the way, we hear that Mr. Bramwell Booth is writing a biography of his mother under the title of “From the Banks of the River.” The inner life of the whole Salvation movement is, to a very large extent, laid bare in this book.

There is nothing particularly stirring just now in the theatrical world. Managers are all husbanding their resources for boxing day. Mr. Augustus Harris is preparing for the Drury Lane pantomime a very elaborate version of “Beauty and the Beast,” under the authorship, we think, of himself and Mr. Harry Nicholls, with Lady Dunlop as the chief female character. Alarming rumours are being circulated as to the clown and the harlequinade being entirely left out this year at Drury Lane. Past years have seen the gradual curtailment of this portion of the entertainment, it is true, but it will be nothing short of a national disaster if it is entirely left out this year. To our little ones the antics of the clown and Joey are the best fun of the evening. Mr. Augustus Harris is also producing, in conjunction with Mr. Harris Sedge, a musical version of Thackeray's “Rose and the Ring” as a Christmas treat for the children of all ages. Visitors to London in the winter of 1886 may remember the charming musical version of “Alice in Wonderland,” by Mr.

H. Savile Clarke.” The “Rose and the Ring” is by the same author and will be produced at the same theatre (the Prince of Wales). Among the few theatrical novelties which are worthy of note is the homecoming of Mr. Wilson Barrett and his company, although he is without Miss Eastlake. In London Mr. Barrett has generally been unlucky, although in the country and, we believe, in America he is one of the most popular actors of the day. This time he has come to stay and, we hope, to conquer. Mr. Charles Wilmot, of the Grand Theatre, Islington, has built him a wonderfully commodious—although rather shoddily built—theatre, and with a reduced scale of prices for seats Mr. Barrett hopes to revive the successes of the old Princess Theatre. Of his new play, “The People's Idol,” written by himself, in conjunction with a new author, Victor Widnel by name (a young man of 26 years), nothing much can be said except that it is of the ordinary melodramatic type, with a touch of the “Silver King” in its composition. It will be in the future chiefly notable as being the first of the many plays which are sure to spring up round the capital and labour controversy. “The People's Idol” is a strike leader, but he is totally unlike the real article, and all the other labour types are equally unnatural. Mr. Barrett's leading lady is Miss Winifred Emery, whose part is certainly unworthy of an actress of her great powers.

Not content with carrying away in one year Cardinal Newman and Canon Lyddon, Death has also taken Dean Church. As a literary man Dean Church was remarkable—his criticisms on Dante being some of the purest pieces of modern English writing known. His learning, too, was profound. Few men knew mediæval history and literature to the extent that he did.

Sir Edgar Boehn, R.A., is gone, leaving behind him a blank in London artistic life. It was in 1881 that he was elected Sculptor in Ordinary to the Queen, but it was before that date that much of his finest work was done. The equestrian statue, at the Hyde Park corner, of the Duke of Wellington is perhaps his best known, a most popular piece of work; but it was Sir Edgar who was responsible for the hideous effigies of the Queen which disgrace the Jubilee money. In this, however, he was not so much to blame, for it is said the Queen herself exercised her own choice very much in the matter and gave him very little room for artistic effect. Sir Edgar was born in Vienna in 1834, so that he was at the time of his death only 57 years of age.

The Rudyard Kipling boom has partly subsided here in England, but whether it has left him with a reputation or not cannot yet be said. His first long story has just appeared in *Lippincott's Magazine*—a journal which makes a practice of publishing every month a long and complete tale by a well known writer—under the title of “The Light that Failed.” It has not had time yet to make a sensation—if it is going to—for here in England it takes a full month for a book to get known and talked about; but it has been well reviewed in more than one paper, although the critics seem afraid that his wonderful knowledge, for a young man, of the details of life is more or less false, and that his psychology is only “faked.”—Clever as it undoubtedly is, “The Light that Failed” deals with English life and has a certain interest, as it is supposed to be to a large degree autobiographical.

Before Mr. Robert Browning's death, Colonel Gouraud showed the phonograph and got him to recite into it the poem, “How They Brought the Good News to Ghent.” The other night, at a reception given by the Rev. H. R. Haweis, the phonograph was turned to recite before a distinguished audience, including Mr. Lewis Norris, Dr. Furnivall (the president of the Browning society), Mr. Oscar Browning and Canon Farrar. In reciting the poem Mr. Browning had to stop in the middle, as he had forgotten the words of his own poem. Everything was distinctly heard, including the poet's apologies for his forgetfulness, but the taste of such a performance was certainly questionable.

“Ravenswood,” in spite of its picturesqueness and the poetic qualities of Mr. Herman Merivale's adaptation of “The Bride of Lammermoor,” has not been a success,

and has been taken off before its hundredth night. It is followed by the revival of “Much Ado About Nothing,” a play in which Mr. Irving and Miss Terry are seen at their best. Mr. William Terris takes, for the first time, the part of Claudio with the greatest success.

The other dramatic novelty of the week is the production at the Strand Theatre of an adaptation by Mr. F. C. Burnand of Valbréque's “La Sécurité des Familles,” under the title of “Private Inquiry.” The first night was not exactly a success, as the play—which is of the risky French farce nature—undoubtedly wants pruning. Mr. Willie Edouin, the manager, as Harry Hooke, a private detective, was intensely amusing. Miss May Whitty, a young and capable actress, scored a success as Mrs. Buckleugh.

Mr. D'Oyly Carte's new theatre, the Royal Opera House, will be opened next month with Sir Arthur Sullivan's grand opera on the subject of Sir Walter Scott's “Ivanhoe”—the libretto being written by Mr. Julian Sturges, a young novelist who is at present unknown as a dramatist. An excellent dual company has been engaged (the chief performers only acting on every other night) including Mr. Ben Davies, who, it is said, has been engaged at a salary of two hundred pounds a week. Mr. D'Oyly Carte is making strenuous endeavours to induce Madame Patti to return to the operatic stage and to take the chief female part in “Ivanhoe.” Miss McIntyre, who has lately come to the front in a wonderful way, will take one of the principal characters.

The Incorporated Society of Authors have just drafted a new copyright bill, which is to be introduced into the House of Lords by Lord Monckswell. At present the law on the subject is very obscure, besides being very unsatisfactory, and is embodied in eighteen distinct Acts of Parliament. The present bill protects the copyright for forty two years, or for the life of the author, *plus* seven years, which period happens to be the longer. The new bill provides for a uniform period of copyright for all classes of work, both literary, dramatic and artistic, consisting of the life of the author and for thirty years after his death. Provisions are also made for the vexed question of dramatization—only the authors themselves will have the right of dramatizing, or of allowing others to dramatize, their own novels, and the same applies to the authors of plays turning their plays into novels.

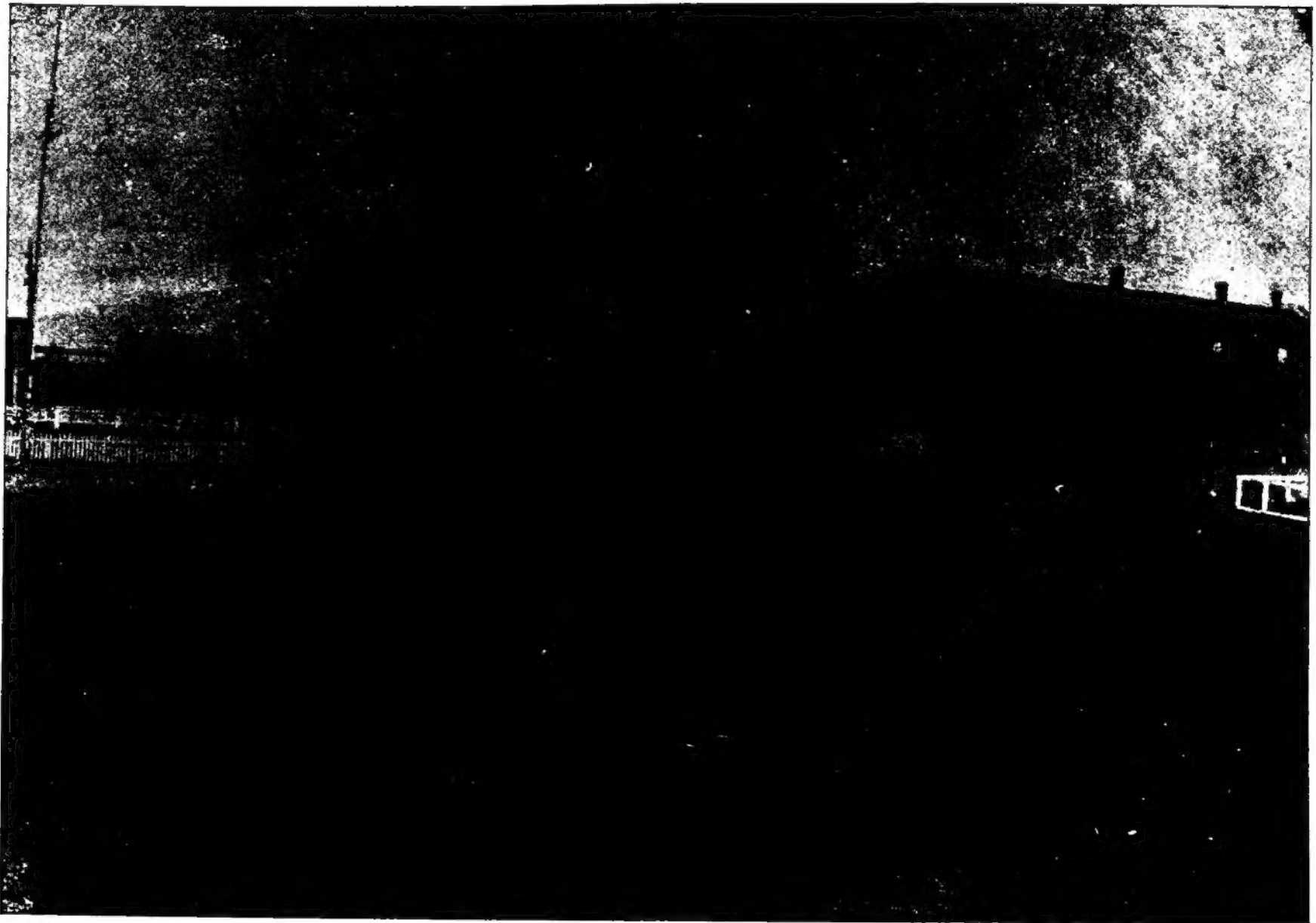


OUTING.

The January number of this deservedly popular magazine appears in a brighter dress than usual, and its contents are all of interest. The article which most Canadians will first turn to is the initial one of a series on “The Active Militia of Canada,” dealing especially (in this number) with the Victoria Rifles, Montreal. The illustrations are good, the article is well written and fairly accurate, although we note extraordinary promotion accorded to one of the gentlemen whose portrait is given. We await with interest the succeeding articles in this series. Other good articles are: “The Mystery of a Christmas Hunt,” “Flash-light Photography,” “The Last Paper-chase,” “Lost in the Rockies,” “How to Sail on Skates,” “In a Far Countree,” “Fair Women on Modern Wheels,” “The Princeton Cane Spree,” as well as copious sporting notes.

THE ARENA.

This magazine presents in its January number a well-varied collection of literary essays. One of the most interesting is the first, by Dr. Wallace (of whom a good portrait is given), entitled, “Are There Objective Apparitions?” instancing a large number of ghostly phenomena, chiefly gathered from the collections of the Society for Psychical Research. An article by Dr. Oswald, “Was Christ a Buddhist?” will attract attention from the extraordinary views expressed by the writer, while we fancy that few will be convinced by his arguments. Fiction finds place in a story by Miss Davis, in which hypnotism becomes passion's slave. Other articles of interest are: “Grover Cleveland,” “A New Declaration of Rights,” “Migration a Law of Nature,” “Silver Coinage,” and “Would We Live Our Lives Over Again?” The Arena Publishing Co., Boston.



STATION AT CAMPBELLTON, N.B., WITH SUGAR LOAF MOUNTAIN IN DISTANCE.
(Mr. H. Laurie, Amateur photo.)



COUNTRY ROAD NEAR CAMPBELLTON, N.B.
(Mr. H. Laurie, Amateur photo.)

FOR FAITH and KING

a Romance of Ville-Marie

BY BLANCHE L. MACDONELL

CHAPTER XIV.—Continued.

One of those lightning flashes of intuition that thrill the consciousness showed her the tragic possibilities of fear and loss and anguish, the terrible beauty (she had before now freely acknowledged the necessity) of heroism, devotion and self-abnegation, and taught her to realize, perhaps faintly and indistinctly, but at least truly, some conception of the impulse of a Divine help, offered with a human eagerness of sympathy and God-like patience, till mortal hands should reach out and lay hold of it. A wonderful consolation, a perfect peace succeeded the fever of burning pain. Just then the peals of the Angelus broke, echoing through the mountain slopes and over the waters. It was the voice of praise, rising in jubilant triumph, soaring above all earthly passions of grief or pain.

Groups of women, with heavy eyes and careworn faces, holding their rosaries, with fingers still mechanically pressing the beads and lips moving in silent prayer, emerged from the dusky seclusion of the church where, day and night, lights had burned and unceasing prayer had been offered. The beadle of the Parish Church, in full uniform, with his mace in his hand, was narrating with much dramatic power, all the particulars of a supposed engagement to a keenly interested crowd of listeners, when the tide of his eloquence was checked by a sharp poke in the ribs that deprived him of breath, as Nanon, her face flushed like a peony, the lappets of her cap flying, swept past like a whirlwind.

"Seigneur Dieu! I would know the truth me—a canoe."

"A boat arriving—tidings—tidings," the words were repeated in a variety of keys, as moved by a common impulse the group rapidly dispersed.

Propelled by four strong arms, skimming lightly as foam over the surface of the water, leaving a faint track behind it, the frail craft advanced. The figures were dark against the light as it drifted between the eager spectators and the sun, like the phantom ship in the mariner's vision, and the citizens of Ville Marie gazed with breath quickened and heart beating, hoping—fearing—expecting, they knew not what. Le Ber gazed with the wrinkles deepening on his brow. The setting sun shone so strongly in his eyes that he put up his hand to shade them, and for a moment could see nothing.

"Le Canotier and Madouaska," Du Plessis announced hurriedly.

Then again a breathless silence settled on the crowd; not a sound was heard but the dipping of the paddles and the murmur of the waves, as they rolled upon the shore. Silently the boat came on. There was an Indian beside le Canotier, a tall, superbly built man, whose remarkably regular features might have been sculptured out of Florentine bronze. He wore a sort of mantle, with a pink and lilac border, made of caribou, which the savages alone understood the art of rendering soft and silky. His head was shaved with the exception of a tuft on the crown, which was ornamented with hawk feathers, which formed something like the crest of an antique helmet. His face was absolutely impassive in its immobility. As the canoe grated on the shore, a dozen willing hands offered aid, then a shuddering, convulsive sob ran through the assembly as a French officer, bearing, in haggard eye and ghastly pallor, traces of the fatal wound that was rapidly draining his life's blood, was tenderly lifted out.

"M. le Capitaine d'Esquegrae."

The women separated, and a lady, with three little children clinging to her gown, pushed her way to the front.

"Carry him home," she said. "At least the good God has granted us the favour of permitting him to die with me. I must have courage; he will need me beside him; let us be together while we may." For an instant she had seemed on the point of breaking out into some wild outcry for help and comfort, then she checked herself and the icy composure of voice and manner sounded almost like indifference. A nun silently detached herself from the crowd and placed herself at the side of the stricken wife. Dollier de Casson, his brown, valiant face all quivering with emotion, solemnly raised his hands in benediction over her.

"You won't grudge the sacrifice, my daughter. It is a hero willingly laying down his life for his faith and his King."

"Afterwards," she answered very quietly, "afterwards, now he needs me, I can think only of him."

The whole assembly were hanging eagerly upon the accents of le Canotier, who had brought dispatches for M. du Plessis.

"We marched to Chambly—such were our orders. The object of M. de Valrene was to let these devils of English pass, and then, by placing himself in their rear, to cut them off from their canoes. Our scouts, Misti, Tshinepek, Mushawana, soon discovered the advance of the enemy, and then we marched six or seven miles towards La Prairie, on the path by which Schuyler was retreating. The sun stood high; it was nine o'clock when our scouts met those of the foe, and then—Diantre!—the woods resounded with the shrill yells of the Indians, and their war-whoops gave the alarm. All know how that part of the country is buried in forests. We take possession of a ridge of ground that crossed the way of these English sorcerers. Two enormous trees, cast low by the storm, have fallen along the crest of the acclivity, and behind these we crouch in a triple row, well hidden by bushes and thick standing trunks, like wolves ready to spring upon their prey. Believe me, Messieurs and Mesdames, I have witnessed much of forest warfare and never have I seen so hot a conflict. Like hail the balls flew—three times were we mingled together, scorching each other's shirts by the flash of our guns. The English charged like devils, and were sent reeling back by a close and deadly volley. Then, with still greater fury, they repeated the attack and dislodged us from our ambushade. It was then the veritable struggle commenced. Figure to yourself that they determined to break through our lines, and our commandant desired, above all else, to drive them back within reach of our people at La Prairie. Our muskets thirsted to kill, and there stood M. de Valrene, amidst that storm of hell fire, giving his commands, calm and smiling as at a ball. Forty dead they left behind them—these devils of English, yet they cut their way through and drove us from the path."

The prospect appeared to grow more bleak, bewildering and appalling. There had been a sharp engagement, apparently many lives lost, and who could divine which heart had been smitten, whose home rendered desolate.

"M. le Lieutenant Daumerque?" asked a feeble voice.

"Dead. Shot at my side," responded le Canotier. "I see a little officer, with hair as red as his coat, fighting like a Turk—I send him a sugar plum—v'là his legs in the air, but not before mon lieutenant has fallen at my side."

There was a faint, stifled cry, a pale young girl fell to the ground in a nerveless heap; an elderly woman, whose face was set in hard lines of stony

composure, bent anxiously over her, and Dollier de Casson, raising the slight form in his strong arms, bore her away to her home.

"It is the Demoiselle Adèle de Montigny; they were to have been married in the early days of September."

"M. de St. Rochs?" Louise was clinging to Diane's gown, trembling, shivering, half believing herself already a widow; the soft outlines and fresh bloom of earliest youth, just emerging from childhood, contrasted oddly with the pathetic trouble of her eyes.

"M. de St. Rochs was safe, Madame, when I left. I was sent away with M. mon Capitaine before the fight was fairly over."

Madame de St. Rochs rushed into Diane's arms like a little tempest, crying, sobbing and uttering inarticulate exclamations on her friend's shoulder.

Le Ber's grasp on his ward's arm tightened. Twice she tried to speak but her throat seemed to close; the words would not come from her lips, and with a sort of spasm of impossibility, physical as well as mental, it was Louise, in a frenzy of joyful triumph, who found voice for the consuming desire of the Demoiselle de Monestrol's heart.

"And M. Le Ber du Chêne—he is safe?"

"Ah, Madame, our brave young commandant. And is it any wonder that the blue-coats love their leader? He fought like all the King's troops in one, being of a valor truly marvellous."

Le Ber drew his hand across his eyes to clear away the blind, darkness that came over him, and drew his breath sharply. Diane had been watching the working of le Canotier's scarred and weather-beaten face with close and vigilant scrutiny. The sweetness of relief was almost as poignant as pain. For an instant she closed her eyes, and clung sick and faint to Le Ber's arm. With trembling thanksgiving she welcomed this gleam of hope. The Blessed Virgin had granted her prayer. The Holy Mother had a woman's heart and was touched by compassion. Though Du Chêne would never be hers yet he would live; he would move in the light of God's earth; she would be spared the supreme anguish of yielding him up to death.

Absorbed in the interest of le Canotier's recital, no one had perceived the rapid advance of another canoe. The shrill voice of a child proclaimed the fact.

"Voilà! yet another canoe. Truly. It is M. le Chevalier and the Sieur d'Ardieux, yes, and Baptiste Bras de Fer."

Le Ber withdrew his support, Diane gazing but not seeing, with Louise de St. Rochs still clinging wildly to her, like one helpless or distraught, sickened with a sense of insecurity and apprehension. She made a hasty step forward, staggering like one blind with sleep or misery, then stretching out her hands with a long, gasping cry that seemed to carry with it the anguish of those last terrible days, recovered herself by a supreme effort.

CHAPTER XV.

"Oh, blest are they who live and die like these,
Loved with such love and with such sorrow mourned."
—THE EXCURSION.

"Mademoiselle," though the Chevalier's dress and person were in the wildest disorder and his heart sore within him—he was still punctilious regarding the most formal terms of courtesy—"Mademoiselle, I have failed in my commission. believe me, through no negligence or fault of mine. I have brought back my brave and tender comrade; do me the justice to believe that I would willingly have given my own life in his stead."

He spoke with his heart swelling in his throat. In the strange and terrible excitement of the moment Diane knew that she had pity to spare for him who felt so much. Her eyes were grand; he felt their power subduing, even while they chilled. The girl's secret was revealed to him. Two great globes of moisture came into his eyes; he bowed his head reverently; the Sicilian stood awed and abashed before the revelation.

Le Ber's shock was so great that he looked piteously into Diane's eyes, as she stood with her white lips pressed together, appealing to her out of his sudden trouble. The Demoiselle de Monestrol's agitation affected her in the strangest way.

It made her feel nearly mad in her suppression and quietness. She formed a distinct plan of action, and coolly took extreme command, directing everything with the blood going back upon her heart and the currents of life flowing backwards to their source. For the first terrible interval she could not even wonder or doubt or question. She seemed to have known it all, to have felt the cold creeping to her heart, to thrill her with a shiver as of ice and snow, to have grown used and deadened to it. It was Du Chêne who was being borne away in Bras de Fer's strong arms, surrounded by anxious comrades and kindred, Du Chêne, whose eyes were pathetic with the silent protest of life against death, whose bright, boyish face wore that mysterious expression, sweeter, calmer than a smile that so often comes to those who look their last on life. She saw Louise drop down sobbing on the ground; heard Nanon's noisy grief; was conscious of the sorrow-stricken look on Le Ber's face. With the hush and awe of natural sympathy, friends and acquaintances gathered around, looking with an awful fellow-feeling upon the bereavement which might have, but had not, fallen on themselves. The town was overcast with mourning for the honest, kindly, genial young fellow, who had possessed the gift of friendliness and sympathy for his kind.

There was one Du Chêne sought; his wandering glances revealed that secret. All the force within Diane was torn two ways, so sorely torn as scarcely to leave her any strength for decisive action.

Her own passion—jealous, restless, imperative, had claims that were irresistible. At such a moment who would remember the stranger's rights? Not Le Ber, who was absorbed in grief for the destruction of his hopes; not Madame de Monestrol, who despised the English captive's weakness; Pierre, who was absorbed in his prayers and penances; Madame de St. Rochs or Nanon, both of whom had conceived violent prejudices against the intruder. During all the years of her after life, Diane could never think of the anguish of that terrible temptation without a convulsion of the heart. She had not any choice, the steadfast spirit holding brave sovereignty over the body and its pangs, must triumph. In the heat of conflict there was a new tide in her veins, a new strength in her heart. It was she who must break the news of her bereavement to her rival; it must be her part to see that Du Chêne's desire was satisfied, that the English girl should take her rightful place at her lover's death-bed. Every trace of colour died out of Lydia's face as she listened; she turned on Diane a wild, appealing look.

"But it is not true; it can't be true. We were to have been so happy together," she insisted desperately, sobbing out the words in her fright.

In one of those brilliant impulses of generosity, courage and self-sacrifice which carry a noble soul on, heedless of the body to the performance of lofty deeds—acts of heroism, in which life goes for nothing, Diane supported the pretty, lovable, passionately frightened creature, who clung to her, panting and sobbing.

"You will come to him. You will try to be calm for his sake," the Demoiselle de Monestrol urged.

But Lydia was overwhelmed with fear; her terror under the shock rendered her helpless and hysterical; she had an instinctive repugnance to the sight of physical suffering, which she could not conceal; she was utterly unable to collect her scattered faculties. This agonized sufferer, with spectral eyes and pain distorted form, seemed to have no connection with her gay and gallant young lover. She could not look at him without whitening and shivering. Du Chêne would insist on being propped up on his bed, on being allowed to talk. The young Canadian was tender and considerate, even on his death bed. He was wondrously patient in his man's pity for his love's weakness and simplicity, his dying eyes followed her ceaselessly with the love that beautifies life and outlives death. Louise, outside the door, sobbed and cried out, launching furious, vehement invectives against the cruelty of Fate and Nanon, all glowing red, eyes lit up with indignation, her lips quivering with distress, stood by, with a gaze of horror, fury and disgust fixed on the stranger's face.

But Lydia was too much absorbed in her own fright and misery to be sensible to criticism, animosity or even evidences of tenderest affection, all her complacent little vanities had vanished, clinging to her friend with pretty, shaking hands, she gazed up vainly, with tear-dimmed eyes, as though hoping to obtain some inspiration from the desperate, eager bravery of Diane's face.

"Diane, be good to her. You are strong and tender and loyal, I can trust you, Diane," was his constant cry.

A consciousness came over the household that sad change and revolution hung over the family. Jean Le Ber Du Chêne was going away in the bloom of his days to that unknown darkness of which God alone knows the secrets. It was very quiet in the death-chamber where the young hero lay looking at the distant tapers, the one centre of light in the great gloomy chamber, giving a sigh to what might have been, and thinking, with perhaps an awakening thrill of anticipation, of what was soon to be. He lay as silent as if he slept, almost as silent as if he had been dead; the room was filled with wavering dusky shadows. On a *prie-dieu*, close at hand, knelt Diane. The torture of one who had fought a protracted battle to gain the hardly won victory over self was ended. In this solemn hour was felt the stirring of some larger, grander life within, and human eyes gazed appealingly across the darkness of present things, striving to see, no matter how indistinctly, the first faint glimmer of the brightness that glitters beyond the grave. Two nuns of the Congregation, Sister Marguerite Bourgeois, an aged religious, whose expression of beautiful serenity was like a benediction, and Sister Berber, Superior of the Congregation, knelt in prayer. Something stirred softly at the sound of the measured, ill-assured movement, timid yet rushing, with a definite purpose underlying the desperate haste; even Diane raised her head, the nuns crossing themselves, drew close together. A wan, hollow-eyed form glided from among the shadows, stood for a moment gazing down upon the young man's peaceful face, and disappeared in utter silence. From the seclusion of years, the tie of kindred had drawn Jeanne Le Ber, and the spectators were awed by sight of a mortal soul cut off from all human hopes and interests, yet firmly bound to its inheritance of human woe. The dawn was breaking in the east. Sister Berber rose, and crossing the room threw open the heavy wooden shutters. The fresh, cool air, moist and odorous, rushed in, a searching shaft of light, clear and terrible, fell like a radiance upon the beautiful, dead face.

CHAPTER XVI.

"Heart thou must learn to do without
That is the riches of the poor;
Their liberty is to endure.
Wrap thou thine old cloak thee about
And carol loud and carol stout."

—A THREEFOLD CORD.

"My daughter, when the earthly hope that lights existence has faded and we find it impossible to lay down our lives to perish in the grave beside it, when we can neither endure our anguish nor be reconciled to it, we can only disengage ourselves and leave it behind us, dead and buried. The true and genuine portion of our sorrow lives, the baser regrets we must cast from us, there is no companionship between the living and the dead," Dollier de Casson had assured Diane.

The annual ship was departing for France and that was always an event of the deepest importance for Quebec. There was the wildest stir and bustle and confusion. The Sieur d'Ardieux had by the death of his uncle become Duc de Rouceval, triumphed over his enemies and entered upon his inheritance of wealth and rank. He was now returning with his bride to France. Curled, powdered and decorated, he stormed at his obsequious lacqueys, and gesticulated wildly as he jested with his friends. The bride was pale and composed bearing herself as her friends remarked with satisfaction "with an air of the very highest distinction." A little speechless and desolate group as those to whom this leave-taking might mean parting for ever, had gathered about her, with a certain sadness which was yet relieved by gleams of humor which were wonderful to see. Jacques Le Ber col-

lected and composed though he had aged and the stern lines of his face had all deepened, Madame de Monestrol, older, frailer, but always bearing her infirmities with unflinching endurance and a kind *saue* dignity. Nanon, her honest face swollen with tears which she made no effort to restrain.

"My marmotte, the sunshine of my life goes with thee."

"It is your desire that I should serve you at the Court, my uncle."

"My little one, could I but accompany thee" then Madame la Marquise added brightly "But I can pray for thee." I can think of thee as occupying thy rightful place in the world and I can praise the good God that the desire of my heart has been realized. The duty lies before thee, my daughter, let no thought of a feeble old woman whose stormy life has almost ended, weaken thine heart."

As the good ship *Rénommée* disappeared below the horizon, Nanon lifted up her voice and wept with boisterous vehemence.

"Like the face of an angel was that of my demoiselle when I looked my last upon her. My little one, that I cradled in my arms. I am of the people, if my heart is broke no need have I to look like a stone as those others." "It is thy place to stay with madame as it is mine to leave her. Let neither of us forget our obligations, but fulfil them nobly and faithfully, good and loving Nanon." She says oh! so gently. I wanted to see her set high above all the world and behold, the most noble her Grace Madame la Duchesse de Rouceval is taken from my sight. Oh, my noble brave and beautiful demoiselle, how can I live without her. I could weep my heart out. What can the blessed saints be thinking of, up in Heaven there? Behold, that blonde English sheep, heartless and cold-blooded as a snake, the happy wife of M. de Gallifleur—a peer of France.

At the court of Louis the Magnificent, a beautiful, brilliant woman, Diane de Rouceval bravely lived out her existence. Brave, with an inspiration of faith and hope, it was her task to identify herself with the needs and claims of others to shed peace and joy around her, to make the rough places smooth with an earnest and simple contriving of gentle charities. All egotism had been annihilated by the hot, fierce sweep of a spiritual flame before which all unworthy desires or ambitions had perished—the living vivifying breath of an utterly unselfish affection. If she were conscious of a wound which throbbed and bled daily whichever way she turned herself, she contrived to carry her cross in such a fashion that though the way might be marked by blood drops instead of tears, no other heart should be saddened, no joy shadowed, that none but herself might suffer. In the midst of a corrupt society, she preserved a lofty and noble ideal. The world was ruder and brighter for one woman's strength and faith and courage.

[THE END.]

Personal and Literary Notes.

In the notes of the *New York Critic* we notice: "Mr. Douglas Sladen has taken up his residence till May at 20 East 32nd street, New York; and, having despatched the last proofs of 'Younger American Poets,' he is collecting materials for a book on 'Literary New York,' which will embrace not only the well known authors but the literary clubs, salons, libraries, principal magazines and the great newspapers, with their publishers, editors, leader writers, critics, etc. The work, which is to be published both in London and New York, will be embellished with portraits of the principal personages, and will contain an historical chapter."

In a week or two Cassell & Company will be bringing out in New York, and Griffith, Funan & Co. in England and Australia, Mr. Sladen's "Younger American Poets," which has an appendix of younger Canadian poets, containing such names as John Reade, Bliss Carman, Professor Roberts, Archibald Lampman, W. W. Campbell, Rev. F. G. Scott, Barry Dave, Agnes Marle Machar, Rev. Arthur Wentworth Hamilton Eaton, C. P. Mulvaney, Charles Mair, John Hunter Duvar. The limit of age, unfortunately, excluded George Martin and George Murray.



SELF-MADE, TOO!

Future Father-in-law—Now then, my boy, make yourself at 'ome. 'Elp yerself to another glass of Bong Jolly, and 'ave a Marvilla cigar.—From Judy.



Windsor, Nova Scotia, is one of the most lovely towns in Canada. It is situated on a ridge, or rather along a valley and up the sides of two slopes, starting at right angles from the river Avon. Its streets are shaded by fine horse chestnuts and elms, and its many beautiful residences are embowered in verdure. The Windsor dykes or grasslands lie in a wide amphitheatre watered by brooks and dotted with willows. Peace, fertility and natural beauty characterize the spot, and back of the town is the old Royal College now veneering its youth under the fostering care of President Willetts.

Windsor has always been a refined social centre. A few years ago Spa Springe, the homestead of the late Judge Bowman: Gerrish Hall, where Dr. Frazer and his fascinating daughters dispensed a lavish hospitality, and Fairfield, the home of the Almons, were scenes of English culture and fashion. These places, with the exception of the first, have passed into other hands. Yet there is still a good deal of refined gaiety in classic Windsor. Mrs. Willetts, the wife of the president of King's College, is immensely and deservedly popular. She is a lady of attractive manner, true kindness of heart and great tact. At all great university occasions she comes to the front with consummate grace. Her husband is not only a scholar but a polished and practical man of the world.

Professor Hind is a *savant* of world-wide reputation. His wife, the daughter of a colonel in the British army, is a woman of great talent and penetration. When the Professor is not busy in his conservatories and orchards, or in writing some scientific paper of wide and practical interest, he is never as happy as when he is entertaining guests at Sunnyside, his beautiful home. Both he and Mrs. Hind and their only unmarried daughter are full of wit and vivacity. They are fond of art and music, and intellectual elevation

as well as cheerful and genial kindness characterize their graceful intercourse with their neighbours.

Gerrish Hall is now presided over by Mr. and Mrs. William Curry. It is a fine old house, backed by a garden noted for its Bartlett pears. Here on occasion a crowded ball gathers young and old together in a scene of merriment which rivals the brightest of the times gone by.

The late George Wiggins, Esq., was one of the wealthiest country gentlemen in the town. Mrs. Wiggins lives in the old residence with her son, Mr. Stephen Wiggins, who lately completed his education at Edinburgh. There is a fine stable of horses and a dairy attached to this establishment which has an increased attractiveness from the presence of the two fair daughters of the house, whom Mrs. Wiggins has carefully educated in every grace and accomplishment under her own eyes at home. The daughter of the late Mr. Wiggins married the son of the Collector of Customs of the port of Windsor, and Mr. and Mrs. Edward O'Brien are living in a beautiful house on the crest of the hill over which the main residential street passes. Mrs. O'Brien is a remarkably handsome woman, who was educated at Hellmuth College. She has hosts of friends, and she and her genial husband keep open house. Her five children do not absorb her attention to such a degree as to prevent her being a social leader. Nor must we omit Mrs. Robert Paulin, Mrs. Clarence Dimock, and the two generous and successful brothers, Messrs. Edward and William Dimock, who possess fine houses, exquisitely furnished and always opened to their friends.

The college is naturally a social centre. It is under the superintendence of the Church of England, and in Nova Scotia the Church of England has inherited the privilege which it originally acquired from the English Establishment. The garrison at Halifax and the fleet and dockyard send their representatives, and the conversation is a scene, almost of unique splendour. The gay academic robes of scarlet, the parti-coloured hoods and caps are mingled with the red and blue and gold of the two services, and the costumes of Windsor's many belles are always tasteful and elegant. A military band discourses sweet strains, and in the week of Commemoration the ceremonies con-

clude with a ball, where the highest circles of the province are represented.

Windsor is decidedly a town where English ideas of society reign supreme. The principal physician of the town, Dr. Charles Gossip, was educated in the old country. Well do he and his family keep up the traditions of refinement thence derived.

I have lately been shown the portrait of a young Windsor lady which certainly, for profound and thoughtful beauty, excels anything I have ever seen. She is the daughter of a banker, Mr. Walter Louison, and is at present engaged to be married to Dr. Ryan, of the same town. He is to be congratulated on the superb beauty of his future wife, who looks as if she might have stepped out of the frame encircling some vanishing portrait of the Renaissance.

One characteristic of Windsor is its freedom from religious bigotry. The Rev. Father Daly was formerly private secretary to the late Archbishop of Halifax, on whose demise he sought the well-earned preferment of his presbytery in the quiet but delightful University Town. Well versed in the highest society of Halifax, he has proved a charming acquisition to the usual life at Windsor. He is a fine conversationalist, and all Windsorians know how well he can entertain.

There is no pleasanter place than Windsor, Nova Scotia; no kinder or more open-hearted people; no more charming scenery. The college sheds over it a halo of learning and antiquity, and those who have visited it never forget the almost romantic fascination of its surroundings.

Dr. Maynard, the retired rector of the town, still lives there with his two daughters. He is a clergyman of a type too rare in these pushing and ambitious days. The spiritual tenderness of Keble are in him, added to the tact and delicacy belonging to the English gentleman. He has left his mark in the town by the building up of a large and flourishing congregation. The church erected during his incumbency is a model of what such a structure should be. I cannot mention his name without experiencing emotions of love and reverence.